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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON,

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS :- CASH IN ADVANCE. A SPLENDID PREMIUM .- Per the SEWING EACHINE PREMIUM see Prospectus, on the

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tion, as we nave propers.

REMITTANCES may be made in notes of any solvent Bank, but we prefer U. S. Treasury Notes or Fenouvironia or other Eastern money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and one or three cent postage stamps, are always acceptable. For all amounts over \$5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities. e) papable to our order.

DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

JUNE.

FOR THE SATURDAY SYSHING POST. BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Rose-flushed, warm-fancled June, What is the charm in your deep eves That captive takes with sweet surprise Every heart beneath the moon? Where the sunlight burns and quivers O'er the face of drowsy rivers, . On whose banks, with fresh dew wet, Sits the blue-eyed violet, Lo! the passion-hearted rose Lifts its red brows to the sun, And the lilles, one by one, Their white lips unclose.

Love of mine, in the trees Like a dryad Summer hides; Flow her dreams in endless tides Of delightful harmonies. Hears she not the sylvan calling Of the winds in the leaves, Hears she not the rustling sheaves, Hears she not the waters falling Over banks of fragrant flowers, That with warm pulsations tremble, Seeking vainly from the hours Their winged odors to dissemble.

In the mead the merry sun Laughs in flowers; let us tread Where the new spring-tide has won Life and beauty from the dead Wonder of that last sad Spring That, to Winter wandering, Died of cold. You shall see Where all last night the nightingale Sang in yonder lieden tree To the rose bush in the vale: Love, he sang so loud and sweet The moon came mounting from the sea With eager eye and winged feet To learn what wonder this might be.

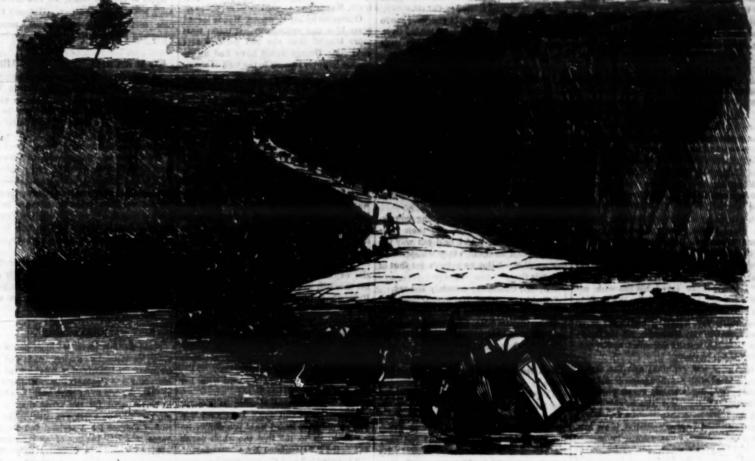
Thou throbbing heart of all the year, In thy sylvan depths at noon With the pulse of Nature at my ear Beating delicately clear, This is Heaven, and love, thou The scraph partner of my soul, Oh, June! It is to hear love's you Thy dreaming skies are downward bent With listening car to earth attent; For love's sweet sake thy valleys roll In blossoming pride magnificent. Sweetheart, we'll tie the tender air Into love-knots of rich words. Hearing which the singing birds Shall grow silent in despair, . And nature stand in eager mood, Circled by the dancing hours, And with red, round ears the flowers, To hear love's charming interlude.

Oh, June! oh, red, delicious June!

A highly civilized New Zealander, now a partner in an English commercial house at Sydney, says that in his younger days he had been addicted to the use of numan flesh, and being a candid and really high-minded man, he admits that although he has now acquired different tastes, the relish with which he partook of cannibal feasts, especially when the fleshy part of a young female was served up, is still a matter of by no means disagreeable recollection to

It is a noteworthy fact of the criminal absurdities of fashion, that when silk and cloth are the dearest and most difficult to be had, it requires more of each material for one man and woman's garb, than has been known for a hundred years.

Three things as good as their betters: Dirty water to quench a fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a in a startled tone. "I hope he is not down."



PACK MULES FORDING THE RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER. FROM A SKETCE IN THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SQUIBE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," BTC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHO WAS DOWN THE SHAPT?

It is only too true. Whether from fire damp; whether from the rushing in of water; whether from any other cause of accident to which coal pits are liable, was as yet scarcely known: nothing was certain save the terri ble calamity itself. Of the men who had gone down the mine that morning, some were dead, others dying. Mogg Pennet echoed the shricks of the women as she flew forward and pushed herself a way through the crowd collected round the mouth of the pit. The same confusion prevailed there that prevails in similar scenes of distress and disaster elsewhere.

"And Mr. Chattaway himself was down the shaft, you say? He went down this morning? My friends, it is altogether an

awful calamity." The woman pushed in further yet and confronted the speaker, her white face, its lips drawn back with mental anguish, nearly touching his. He was the minister of a dissenting chapel near, a Mr. Lloyd, and was well known to the miners, some of whom went regularly to hear him preach.

"No, sir, Chattaway was na down the shaft; he is na one of the dead, more luck to him," she said, her words brought out jerkingly, her bosom heaving, her emotion altogether so great as to draw all eyes upon her, and cause a temporary lull in the commotion around. "Chattaway have this morning made me a widda and my young childern fatherless. My man was stiff with rheumatiz, he was-no more fit to go to work nor I be to go down that shaft and carry up myself his poor murdered body. I knowed his errand as soon as I heered his horse's feet. He made him get off the settle and he draw him out to work as he'd drive a dog; and when I told him of his bardness, he lifted up his whip again me. Yes! Pennet's down with the rest of 'em; sent by him: and I be a lone widda."

"Her says right," interposed a voice, breaking the pause which the words had caused. "It wasn't the master as went down the shaft; it were young Rupert Trevlyn."

"Rupert Trevlyn!" uttered the minister "Yes, he's down, sir."

"But where can Mr. Chattaway be?" ex-claimed Ford, the clerk, who made one of the throng. "Do you know, Mogg Pennet?" "A blessing! to have my ankle sprained, what, should soon be laid down at his feet,

"He's where the ill-luck have overtook him for his cruelty to us," answered Mogg Pennet, flinging back her hair from her face of sorrow. "I telled him the ill he forced on others might, happen, come home to such an interruption, but to men of business him—that he might soon be lying in his it is not agreeable. A blessing!"

pain, for aught he knew. And he went "Yes, I believe it to have come to you as pain, for aught he knew. And he went right off to the ill then and there—and he's such—sent direct from God. Were you not a lying in it."

The sympathies of the hearers were certainly not given to Mr. Chattaway: he was no favorite with his poor dependents at for this—blessing? I wish you'd not—"
Blackstone, any more than he was with his "Just so," interrupted Mr. Lloyd, calmly. neighbors around the Hold: but the wo- | "And this fall has no doubt saved your life. man's words were strange, and they pressed There has been an accident in the pit, and for an explanation.

"He be lying under the wall o' the old ruin," was her reply. "I come upon him there, and I guess his brave horse had flung him. When I'd ha lifted bim, he cried out with pain—as my poor man was a-crying in the night with his back—and I saw him lay hisself down again after 1'd left him. And Chattaway he swore at me for my helpand you can go to him and be swored at too! Happen his leg be broke."

The minister turned away to seek Mr. hattaway. Unless com was necessary that he should be at the scene; no one of any particular authority was there to give orders; and the inevitable confusion naturally attendant on such a calamity was thereby much increased. Ford, the clerk, sped after Mr. Lloyd, and one or two stragglers followed him; but the rest the disaster.

Mr. Chattaway had raised himself when they reached him, and was holding on by the wall. He broke out into a storm of explanation and grumbling, especially at Ford, and asked why he could not have found him out sooner. As if Ford could divise what had befallen him! Mr. Lloyd stooped down and touched the ankle, which was swollen a good deal. It was sprained, sistance. He abused the beggar unmermisfortune.

"Hush!' quietly interrupted Mr. Lloyd. "I should call it a blessing."

nance; Ford in particular was excessively on, half dazed. Would Rupert's be the I would, without a rest, and I halted in at

and to waste my morning in this fashion! Thank you, Mr. Lloyd! You gentlemen who have nothing better to do with your time than to preach it away, may think little of

going into the pit this morning?"

"Yes, I was," impetiently answered Mr. Chattaway. "I should be there now, but

the poor fellows who went down a few hours ago full of health and life, are about to be carried up dead."

The words brought Mr. Chattaway to his

"An accident !" he repeated. "What accident-of what nature ?" he added, turning bastily to Ford.

" Fire damp, I believe, sir." "Who was down?" was the next eager

question. "The usual men, sir. And-and-Mr.

Rupert Trevlyn." Chattaway with some difficulty suppressed a scream. Idea after idea crowded upon his brain, one chasing another. Foremost among them rose distinctly the one thought of the morning from which he had striven to escape and could not. "Nothing can bring me security save the death of Rupert." were chained to the more exciting scene of Had the thought, the half encouraged wish, brought on the realization?

> "Rupert Trevlyn down the shaft!" he gasped, the moisture breaking out from every pore of his face. "I know he went down; I sent him; but-but-did he not come up again?"

"No," gloomily replied Ford, who really liked Rupert; "he is down now. There's no hope that he'll come up alive."

Whether in his mind's commotion he did Chattaway said; but he thought he could not feel the ailments of body, or that his manage to get on his horse with their as- ankle, from the rest it had had, was really less painful than at first, Mr. Chattaway concifully, which, perhaps, was only natural, trived to get pretty comfortably to the scene and expressed his intention of calling a of action. The crowd had increased; peomeeting of his brother magistrates that ple were coming up from far and near. Some measures might be taken to rid the country medical men had arrived ready to give their of tramps and rezor-grinders; and he finish- services in case any sufferers were brought ing still. ed up in the heat of argument by calling the up alive. One of them examined Mr. Chatecident which had befallen him a cursed taway's ankle and bound it up; the hurt, he down?" said, was but a temporary one.

in a concise, sharp tone, and the bodies ed out and started round. There stood Chattaway stared at him, and deemed that began to be brought to the surface. One of her husband. How had he escaped from he was carrying religion rather far. As he the first that appeared was that of the un- the pit?" looked, it struck him that both of his res fortunate man, Bean, to whom he had sent "I haven't been a-nigh to it," he answer-

from whom he had dreaded he knew not what, should soon be laid down at his feet, cold and litelees. Was he glad or sorry Did the grief for Rupert predominate?and, that there should be some sort of grief for him who had grown up in his house was only natural, even from Chattaway. Or did the intense relief to his fears that the death must bring, overpower warmer feelings? Perhaps Mr. Chattaway could not yet tell.

They were coming up pretty quickly now, and were laid on the ground heaide him, to be recognized by the unhappy and wailing relatives. The men to whom Chattaway had spoken that morning were among them he had ordered them down as he rode off. and one and all had obeyed the mandate. Did he regret their grievous fate? did he compassionate the weeping wives and children? In a degree, perhaps, yes; but not as

most men would have done.

A tall form interposed between his view and the mouth of the pit—that of Mogg Pennet. She had been wa'ching for a body which had not yet been raised. Suddenly she turned to Mr. Chattaway.

"You have killed him, master; you have coming on in your hardness to drive him the pony, giving Mr. Chattaway's message out when he warn't fit to go, we should ha' as well as his lost breath would allow him — had somebody still to work for us. Happen that they would turn aside; that they would you may have beered of a curse? I'd like to give ye one now."

"Somebody take this woman away," home.

"Av. take her away," retorted Mogg: "don't let her plaints be heered, lest folk might say they be just, Send her home to her fatherless childern, and send her dead man after her to lie among 'em till his coffin's made. Happen, when you come to your death, Mr. Chattaway, you'll have us all afore your mind, to comfort you!"

She stopped. Another ill-fated man was being drawn up, and she turned to wait for it, her hands clenched together, her face white and haggard in its intensity. The burden came to the light, and was laid near the rest; but it was not the one for which she was waiting. Another woman darted forward: she knew it too well; and she clasped her hands round it, and sobbed and cried in agony. Mogg Pennet turned resolutely to the mouth of the pit again, watch-

Be they all dead? How many was awoke it.

The voice, putting the question, came He, the owner of that pit, issued his orders from behind Mogg Pennet, and she acream-

cuers were a very sad expression of counte- the message by Rupert. Chattaway looked ed. "I couldn't get down to the pit, try as death.

"I cake your person, str, for my just now; and I'm sorry I sald some But I was half crand, yo san with f

Mr. Chattaway paid no attention whenever to the apology. His eyes, his throughts were strained upon the mouth of that your-lag pit, and what it might be yielding up. As body after body was brought to the senface—seven of them had come up now—he cast his anxious eyes upon it, expecting to recognize the fair face, the silken hair of Report Trevlyn. Expecting and yes dreading—don't think him worse than he war; with the frightened, half-shrinking dread ordinarily experienced by women, or by men of nervous and timid temperament. Be entirely did this suspense absorb him as to leave him nearly oblivious to the painful features of the scene around, the continuous wall of woe, the bursts of lamentation.

Happening for a minute to turn his eyes

woe, the bursts of lamentation.

Happening for a minute to turn his eyes from the plt, he saw in the distance the approach of a pony carriage which looked uncommonly like that of Miss Diana Treviya. tinct, more than sight, told him that the two figures seated in it were his wife and kim Diana, although as yet he could not see whether they were women or men. It was slowly winding down a distant hill, and would have to ascend another and come along the flat ere it could be with them. He beckoned his clerk Ford to him in a sort of

"Run, Pord. Make all speed. I think I see Miss Trevlyn's pony carriage yonder with the ladies in it. Don't let them approach. Tell them to turn saide; to the office, and I'll come to them; anywhere. Anywhere but here,"

Did he wish to spare them the ghastly portion of that scene? did he fear that its distress altogether would be too much for them? No; to that he never cast a thought. Mr. Chattaway was not of a nature so much as to think of sparing the feelings of another, even though that other were his wife. It was not that. There might be unseemly grief (as he used the word, unseemly) on his wife's part at the fate of Rupert Trevlyn, and some subtle working of his inner heart told him that it might be as well to guard that sight from the crowd.

Ford ran with all his might. He met the carriage just at the top of the nearest hill, made my childern orphana. But for your and unceremoniously laid his hand upon not approach the pit.

It was evident that they were strangers as yet to the news, but the crowd and excried Mr. Chattaway. "She'll be better at citement round the pit had been causing them apprehension and a foreshadowing of the truth. Miss Dians, paying, as it appeared, little heed to the message, extended her whip in the direction of the scene.

"I see what it is, Ford. Don't best about the bush. How many were down the shaft ?"

"A great many, ma'am," was Ford's reply. The pit was in full work to-day."

"Was it fire-lamp?" "I believe so."

"Mr. Chattaway's safe, you see? He was not down? I suppose he was not likely to

"No." soswered Ford. But what with the thought of Mr. Chattaway's accident from another source, which he did not know whether to tell of or not, and what with the consciousness of a worse calamity, he spoke the word in a very hesitating manner. Miss Diana was quick of apprehension, and it

"Was any one down the shaft besides the men? Was-where's Rupert Trevlyn ?"

Ford looked as if he dared not answer. Mrs. Chattaway caught the alarm. Sh half rose in the low carriage, and stretched out her hands is a pleuding attitude; as though Ford held the issues of life and

"Oh, speak, speak! He was not down

te down the shaft but a short time be her of mechanically repeated Miss Disns in her startled shock. But she was interrupted by a cry from Furd. Mrs. Chattaway he fallen back on her sent in a fainting fit.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A SHOCK FOR MR. CHATTAWAY.

The brightness of the day was turning to m. se if the heavens above sympeth that melancholy scene being enact on earth. Quietly pushing his wa the mount and lamentations, through the pit mouth of Mr. Chattaway's coal a, was a tall individual whose acquaint ance you have made before. It was Mr. Daw with his red umbrella; the latter an unvarying appendage to him whether the sun was shining or the clouds were dropping their rais. He went straight up to cer-tain pale faces lying there in a row, and d at them one by one.

"They are saying that Rupert Trevlyn is mong the sufferers," he observed to those earcet to him

"So he is, master."

"I do not see him here."

No he ain't up yet. "Is there no hope that he may be brought o the surface alive !"

They shook their beads. "Not now. He have been down too long. There's not a chance for him."

Something like emotion passed over Mr.

"How came As to be down in the pit," he "Was it his business to go down?" "Not in ord'nary. No; 'tworn't once in six months as there was aught to take him

"Then what took him there to-day?" was Mr. Daw's next question.

"The master sent him," replied the man pointing with his thumb towards Mr. Chat

Apparently Mr. Daw had not observed Mr. Chattaway before and he turned and walked towards him. Vexation at the loss of Rupert (it may be surely called vexation rather than grief, since he had not known Rupert sufficiently long to low him) -a loss so sudden and terrible, was rendering Mr. Daw unjust. The worst enemy of Chattaway could not fairly charge blame upon that gentleman with reference to the fate of Rupert; but Mr. Daw was in a hasty

" Is it true that you sent Rupert Trevlyn down the shaft but a few minutes before this calamity occurred?"

The address and the speaker equally took Mr. Chattaway by surprise. His attention was riveted on something then being raised from the shaft, and he had not noticed the stranger. Hastily turning his head, he saw, first the conspicuous red umbrella, next its obnoxious owner, so dangerous to him.

Ah, but no longer dangerous now. That terrible fear was over. With the first glimpee, Mr. Chattaway's face had turned to a white heat, from the force of habit, but the next moment's reflection reassured him, and be retained his equanimity.

What did you say, sir ?"

"Was there no one else, Mr. Chattaway, to serve your turn, but you must send down your wronged and unhappy nephew?" reerated Mr. Daw, in a tone that penetrated to every ear. "I have beard it said, face I came into this neighborhood, that Mr. Chattaway would be glad if by some lyn and the legal heir could be put out of his path. It seems he has succeeded in acshing it."

Mr. Chattaway's face grew dark and

"Take care what you say, sir, or you shall answer for your words. I ask you what you mean."

"And I ask you-was there no one you could despatch this morning into that dangerous mine, then on the very eve of exloding, but that helpless boy Rupert, who might not resist your authority, and so went to his death? Was there no one, I

Mr. Daw's zeal was decidedly outrunning his discretion. It is the province of exag-geration to destroy itself, and the unfounded charge-which, temperately put, might have inflicted its sting-fell comparatively harmless on the ear of Mr. Chattaway. He aid only stare and wonder—as if a prostion had been put to him in some foreign

Why-bless my heart !- are you mad?" he presently exclaimed, but an work the sufficiently equable one. "Could I tell the tly exclaimed, but his tone was a nine was going to explode! Had but the you can be; but the blame is not mine. It for sale—for Rupert had been making in-is not any one's—unless it be his own. quiries for one, having been commissioned

the to leave the get after he had do-il the message I such him down with, he channe to do so. But I suppose he and granging with the men. This belongs to me, siz. Unless you have business here I'd recommend you to

There was so much truth in what Mr. Chattaway urged, that the stranger began to be a little schemed of his heat.

"Nevertheless, it is a thorn removed from your path," he cried aloud. "And you would have removed him from it yourself long ago, could you have done it with

A half murmur of assent arose from the crowd around. The stranger had just hit the acts: Could the master of Trevlyn Hold have removed Rapert Trevlyn from his path without "sin," without danger, with out trouble, it had long ago been done. In short, were it as easy to put away some obnoxious individual from our sphere of life, as it is to put away an offending piece of furniture, Mr. Chattaway had most as suredly not waited until now to rid himself of Rupert; and those crowding listeners knew it.

Mr. Chattaway turned his frowning facon the incautious murmurers; but before more could be said by any party, the circle was peastrated by some new comers, one of them weeping and walting in a distress of mind that could not be hidden or controlled. Mrs. Chattaway recovered from her appa rent fainting fit-though in reality she had not lost consciousness, and her closed eyes and intense paleness had led to the deception-the pony carriage had been urged with all speed to the scene. In vain the clerk Ford reiterated Mr. Chattaway's protest against their approaching it. Miss Diane Trevlyn was not one to attend against her vill to the protests of Mr. Chattaway.

"I would have saved his life with my own; I would have gone down the shaft in his place had it been possible," wailed poor Mrs. Chattaway, wringing her hands in an agony, and wholly forgetting all the timorous reticence usually imparted by the presence of her husband.

Her grief was genuine; and the throng sympathised with her almost as it did with those despairing women, weeping in their new widowhood. But the neighbors had not to learn now that Madam Chattaway loved her dead brother's children if her hus band did not.

"For heaven's sake, don't take on so here!" growled Mr. Chattaway, in a rage of impotent anger. "Have you no sense of the fitness of things ?"

But his wife, however meekly subservient at other times, was not in a fit state for subservience then. She could not define the sensations that oppressed ber; she only felt that all was over, that the unhappy boy had gone from them for ever; that the cruel wrongs inflicted on him throughout life were now irreparable.

"He has gone out with all our unkindness on his head," she wailed, partially unconscious no doubt of what she did say; "gone to meet his father, my poor lost brother, bearing to him the tale of his wrongs. Oh,

"Be silent, will you?" shricked Chattaway. "Are you going mad, Edith ?"

Mrs. Chattaway covered her face with-her hands, and leaned against the shafts of the barrow on which her husband was sitting, for his arikle had not allowed him to stand. Miss Diana Trevlyn, who had been gathering various particulars given her by the crowd, who had said a word of comfort (though it was little comfort they could listen to yet) to the miserable women, came up at this moment to Chattaway.

"It was a very unhappy thing that you should have sent Rupert into the pit this morning," she said, her face wearing its

most haughty severity. "Yes," he answered. "But I could not what was about to happen. It-it might have been Cris. Had Cris been in was among the killed." Maude was as one the way at the time, and not Rupert, I should have despatched him."

"Chattaway, I'd give all my fortune to get him back. I-

A strange noise and shouting on the outskirts of the crowd attracted their attention. and Miss Diana brought her sentence to an abrupt conclusion, and turned sharply towards it, for the shouts bore the sound of congratulation-of triumph; and some voices were decidedly breaking into hurraha Strange sounds, in that awful death scene!

Who was this, advancing towards them ! The crowd had parted to give him place, and he came leaping along to the centre, all haste and excitement-a fair, gentlemanly young man, with his silken curls uncovered and his cheeks hectic with excitement. Mrs Chattaway cried aloud with a joyful cry, and her husband's eyes and mouth slowly

opened as though he saw a spectra. It was Rupert Trevlyn. Rupert, it appeared, had not been down in the pit at all. Sufficiently obedient to Mr. Chattaway, but not implicitly obedient to the letter. Rupert. when he got to the pit's mouth, had seen the last of those men descending it whom ched me, do you suppose I should not Chattaway had imperiously ordered down, taken measures to empty the pit of all and he sent the message to Bean by him. an souls?—ay, though it had been nery to go down myself and face the had just met a gentleman of his acquains. I am as seery for Rupert's fate as tance who had come to tell him of a pony was where he had been. Mrs. Chattaway clasped her hands round his mesh, in user defiance of her husband's projudices, unre-membered then, and sobbed forth her esse-

"Why, Aunt Edith, you never thought me one of them, did you? Bless you! I am never in the pit. I should not be likely to fall into such a calamity as that. Poor fel-lows! I must go and ascertain who was down.

So Ropert's wandering idleness be almost said his disobedie him! The crowd broke into a cheer, and a roice shouted-could it have been Mr. Daw's !- "Long live the beir!-long live young Squire Trevlyn!" and the words were taken up and echoed in the air.

And Mr. Chattaway? If you want me to isscribe his emotions to you, I cannot do it. They were of a mixed nature. We must not go so far as to say that he regretted to see Rupert back in life; that he did not feel any satisfaction at his escaping the dread-ful fate it was assumed he had met; but with his reappearance all the old fears for himself returned. They returned ten fold from the very fact of his short immunity from them, and the audacious words of the growd turned his face green. In conjune tion with the more audacions words viously spoken by the stranger, with the very demonstrative behavior of his wife, they were as a sudden blow to Mr. Chatta-

Those shouters saw his falling counteance, his changed look, and drew their own conclusions. "Ah! he'd put way the roung heir if he could," they whispered to one another. "But he haven't got shut of him this time."

No; Mr. Chattaway certainly had not. " God has been merciful to your nephew," nterposed the peaceful voice of Mr. Lloyd,

drawing near. "He has been pleased to save him, though he has seen fit to take others. We know not why it should bethat some should be struck down, and others spared. His ways are not as our Ways. They lay there, a long line of them, and

the minister pointed with his finger as he spoke. Most of the faces looked calm and peaceful. Oh! were they ready? Had they lived to make God their friend? had they lived trusting in Christ their Saviour? My friends, this sudden call comes to others as well as to miners: it behaves us all to be endy for it.

I had thought to give you at length the details of this accident, with the causes that led to it, but some of you might deem such particulars tedious; and they are unhappily often to be met with in the public journals. As the day drew to its close, the excitement did not lessen; and Mr. Chattaway almost forgot the hurt, which he would have made a great deal of at another time. But the ankle was considerably swollen and inflamed, giving him pain still, and it caused him to quit the scene for home, earlier tha he might otherwise have done.

He left Cris in his place to superintend, to direct, to be altogether the controlling head and hand. Cris was not incompetent to the task; but he might have displayed a little more humane sympathy with the sufferers without compromising his dignity. Cris had arrived in much bustle and excitement at the scene of action, putting eager questions grooms, you are aware, don't wear crine about Rupert, as to how he came to be down the shaft, and whether he was really dead. The report that he was dead he reached Cris Chattaway's cars at some niles' distance, as it had reached those of many others.

It had reached Maude Trevlyn's; but later in the day. The servants at Trevlyn Hold had heard it, and they foolishly went open mouthed to Maude-"There had been an explosion in the pit, and Master Ruper stricken with horror. She did not faint, did not ery; she put on a shawl and bonne mechanically, as she would for any walk of ndifference, and went out of the house on her way to Blackstone.

"Don't go, Maude; it will only be mor painful to you," Octave had said, in a kind one, as she saw her about to depart; but Maude went on as though she heard her not. She turned towards the fields t cut off a few minutes of the way-and she bore swiftly on with a dry eye and burning brow. At the conjunction of the fields and the road, as she was turning into the latter, she met George Ryle.

"Where are you going, Maude!" "Oh, George, don't stop me! I had but

But George did stop her. He saw her troubled countenance of despair, and suspected what was amiss. Putting his arm gently around her, he held her so that she should not go on. Maude supposed he had heard the tidings, and was unwilling that she should approach the terrible scene; but

she did not like the check. "I must see him. I must hear about it." she said, bursting into tears. "Why do you

stop me? He was all I had," "Maude, my darling, be comforted. You have been hearing the report that Rupert but the report was a false one. Rupert is what was afterward considered a chef alive and well."

Was he asserting this only to coeffic her? fands fell back against the gale and looked at him with eagerly questioning eyes; re-

washing in them together.

"Anything but deceit," she gasped. "I could not expect it from you."

"Maude, by all I hold most dear, by my mor, by my faith, the report of Rupert's death was a false one. It was believed he was in the pit when the accident occurred; and the news of it spread far and wide.-But he was not near the pit, he was fa from it, and at the very moment when they were lamenting his fate he came running up to them from a distance. Young Ap perley told me this: he was there; and when he, Apperley, quitted the scene, Rupert was standing with Mrs. Chattaway and Miss Diana, unharmed, a sympathizing spectator. I am telling you the happy truth, Maude,

Overcame by her emotions, Maude leaned upon him and sobbed out her tears; tears re blissful than she had perhaps ever shed. Mr. George would have had no ob ection to apply himself to the task of soothng her until the shades of night should fall -but scarcely a minute had they so stood when an interruption, in the shape of some advancing vehicle, was heard. These enrious interruptions will intervene you know t the most unwelcome of times-as, perhaps, your own experience may enable you

It proved to be the pony carriage of Miss Diana Treviyn. Mr. Chattaway with his ame foot sat beside her, and Mrs. Chattaway occupied the groom's place behind.-Miss Diana, who chose to drive her own pony, although she had a gentleman at hand, pulled up in surprise at the sight of Mande.

"I had heard that Rupert was killed." she explained, advancing to the carriage, her face still wet with tears. " But George Ryle, whom I have just met, has told me the truth."

"And so you were starting to run to Blackstone!" returned Miss Diana. "Would it have done any good, child? But that is just like you, Maude. You will act upon impulse to the end of your life."

Mrs. Chattaway bent forward with her weetest smile.

"He is not injured. Maude: he is on his way home, alive and well. I on sorry that you should have heard what you did." "It seems to me that the whole paris

has heard it," ejaculated Mr. Chattaway. "I heard it," said George, who had gon

round to Miss Diana's side, and was leaning on the carriage. "I have been out since the morning, and it was the first news to greet my return-that there had been an seeldent at the mine and Rupert was killed. Before I had directed the shock, however, Tom Apperley came up and set me right as to Rupert; and I was hastening up to the Hold to tell them the truth, suspecting that they also might have heard the false report, when I met Maude, So I had the satisfac tion of imparting it to her." "I can make room for you, Maude, m;

dear," said Mrs. Chattaway, whose face this afternoon was as a very sunbeam, so joyful was the revulsion of feeling: "we are nei ther of us very big. Thank you, George if you will be so kind as help her up."

Maude was squeezed in somehow; they were not very big, as Mrs. Chattaway said and it was managed. In point of fact the seat was only built for one, a groom; and

"It's a dreadful calamity," observed George as they drove away. "I shall go to Blackstone and see if I can be of use."

Not many paces had the pony taker when they met the Rev. Mr. Daw. Was the man gifted with ubiquity? But an hour or two, as it seemed, and he had been beard ing Mr. Chattaway at the mine. He lifted his hat as he passed, and Miss Diana and but strode on with wide steps as does one in a hurry.

Mr. Chattaway, who, had never looked towards the man, or moved a muscle of his face, turned his head to steal a glance at him when he deemed he was at a safe distance There stood Mr Daw, talking to George Ryle, one hand stretched out in the heat of argument, the other grasping the red umbrella, which was turned over his shoulder.

"Treason, treason ?" mentally ejaculated the master of Trevlyn Hold, and he raised his handkerchief to wipe the moisture that was gathering on his face. " How I might have laughed at them now, if-if-if that had turned out to be true about Rupert !"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A bookseller who had heard of Balzac as a young writer of great promise, re-solved to offer him 3,000f. for a novel, but on being told that he lived in an obscure street in the old part of Paris, he observed that he must be a plebeian, and that he would offer him but 2,000f. On arriving at the home he was told that Balzac lived on the fourth floor. "Oh, in that case," said the bookseller, "I will offer him but 1,500f." But when he entered a poorly-furnished room and saw a young man steeping a penny roll in a glass of water, he offered but 300f., was a sharer in the calamity, as I heard it; and for this sum received the manuscript of d'auere-the " Derniere Fee."

SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor,

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1862.

REJECTED CONCEDERATIONS -- We can ot undertake to return rejected commu

JOB PRINTING OFFICE. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workman anner, and on reasonable terms

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to Tus Post at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to emember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should brward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall steem it as a favor.

THE WAR.

Since our last issue, we have had a considerable amount of excitement in this city, owing to the reports of a rebel inroad into Maryland and Pennsylvania. Exaggerated as those reports so far have been, it is better to be prepared for the worst, than to run any risk in such a serious matter. The first line of defence for Maryland and Pennsylvania, which is the line of the Potomac River, and which was defended by probably twenty thousand men, scattered at Har per's Ferry, Winchester, Martinsburg, and other places, being successfully assailed by the rebels, though our defending forces were neither captured nor dispersed, the state lay open for the moment to any rebel body which had the temerity to enter. To th call of the state authorities, however, the citizens have responded by the tens of thousands, and our sister states of New York and New Jersey-sisters indeed, as the present occasion proves-have also sent their sons by the thousands, well armed and fully organized, to the defence of the Northern

What General Lee's plans are it is not ssible, of course, to say. Doubtless they are various, and will be varied according to the progress of events. He would like to defeat Hooker, to capture Washington and Baltimore, to force the seat of war into Pennsylvania. We trust, however, that he will not be able even to hold Hooker inac tive, much less to defeat him-and without he can do one of these things, his other plans must pecessarily be greatly circum

The policy of the North, however, is clear, for either contingency of success of lefeat—the raising of a large force to oc cupy the Potomac line. Such a force would enable Hooker to act with his undivided army upon a divided opponent-and, in case of Hooker's defeat, would interpose a second harrier against invasion. Therefore the full proach the carriage, or attempt to stop it; force of 100,000 men recently called for should be raised at once, both as a means of probable victory, and a protection against the consequences of possible defeat.

In this connection we may say, that while we do not censure in the least, those of our citizens who recently returned from Har risburg, because their business engagement did not admit even a conditional pledge to serve for six months, we can still see that it may be much better for the Government to obtain, say twenty thousand men for that period, than even treble the number for only few weeks' term of service.

Gen. Lee has made a bold movement-i is also, however, a hazardous one. Pro perly improved on the part of the North and the Government, it may have the most favorable results. Let the friends of the Union seize now the propitious moment.

EVERGREENS.

A subscriber who resides in Hartland Worth Co., Iowa, writes:-

"Will it be intruding upon the columns of THE Post, if I ask through its columns for information, as follows: "first, where can I THE Post, if I ask through its columns for information, as follows: "first, where can I find seed of the Norway Pine, Silver Larch, Balsam Fir, Mountain Aso, and other kinds of Evergreens. Second, the mode of planting them out, so as to have them germinate readily."

"If you will give the desired information you will much oblige one of your subscribers, hesides many others in this vicinity.

W. W. RUSSELL."

We hope the following account maner in which many of our flee groups fight is not correct. It is the sestimony of an officer of the samp, who did service at Chancelle and the account be even partly true, it is a gree pity; and we are inclined to credit it as what, because we observe that in del so far as has come under our ob the great object seems to be to learn the recruit to load and fire rapidly and carelessis and not to fire slowly and efficiently, to the description of the officer in He says:-

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The Yankoe boys go in in fine style, so in a good line, and without any fline halt at what is held to be a desirable p halt at what is held to be a desirable pand; at the command commerce in standing, kneeling, or lying down, as be detered. Then, as in all their perfect training they have been taught to look the as rapidly as possible, three or times a minute, they go into the with all fury, every man vieing with as neighbor as to the number of carridge he can ram into his piece and spit out of it? The smoke arises in a minute or two so you can see nothing or where to aim.

The smoke arises in a mioute or two so year see nothing or where to sim.

The noise is deafening and coefficing the last degree. The impression gets around a tremendous conflict going on. It trees in the vicinity suffer sorely, and the clouds a good deal. By-and-by the get heared and won't go off, and the cridges begin to give out. The men have come tired with their furious exertions the excitement and din of their own first and, without knowing anything about a serious trees. the excitement and din of their own mand, without knowing anything about effect produced on the enemy, very libhaving scarcely had one glimps of the enemy at all, begin to think the latest the enemy at all, begin to think the latest the enemy at all, begin to think the latest the enemy at all, begin to think the latest the enemy at all, begin to think the latest the enemy lying quite hundred of two yards in front, crossing on the ground or behind trees, answer fire very leasurely, as they get a chase a good aim, about one shot to our the hundred, hitting about as many as and waiting for the wild tornado of amnition to pass over their heads; and when nition to pass over their heads; and whe our burst of fighting is pretty much over they have just commenced. They probable they have just commenced. They probably rise and advance upon us with one of the uncarthly yells, as they see our fire slackes. Our boys, finding that the enemy has so vived such an avalanche of fire as we have rolled in upon him, conclude that he me invincible, and, being pretty much cet of amountition, retire. I think this Chinese style of fighting will never prove a match for the back-woods style.

We can scarcely believe that the above is true of our own back-woods' regimes. But if it is true of the regiments from the more thickly settled portions of the comtry, and from the cities, the quicker it is con ected the better.

WHAT A CANADIAN THINKS

One of our Canadian readers, a Reversal entleman, writes to us as follows:-

"If the Americans wish to have personal happiness, and good government, let the turn out the present government, appoints permanent head at Washington, with a ministry responsible to Congress, to government to the well upon the congress of the second sec wishes of the American people, as a present of the country according to the well the service wishes of the American people, as a present of the power no longer than they can comment the confidence of Congress. Under as a service with the confidence of Congress. bridled democracy they may expect we, confusion, and anarchy, for a long time to come. The sooner the American papers of vocate such a measure the better for your splendid country, which only wants per and good government, to make it the may powerful in the world."

We do not quite see how the above Co nadian receipt is to give us peace. If the rebels would lay down their arms, and agree to behave themselves, we think we could have peace and prosperity even without s permanent President. We think our Case dian friend does not see the real difficulty is our American institutions.

A PUZZLE.

The following is said to be Johnston bypher despatch which was found on the person of the soldier who was recently care carrying percussion caps to Pembe Vicksburg:

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J. E. Jonnston Lieutenant-General Pemberton-

Which of our readers can give us a speed solution of the above? Whether Grant's officers could study it out, we are not informed.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NATURAL LAWS OF HUSBARDS. By JUSTUS VON LIEBIG. Edited by John Biyth, M. D. Professor of Chemis Queen's College, Cork. Published by D.A? pleton & Co., New York; and for sale by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

THE HOLY WORD IN ITS OWN DEFEND Addressed to Bishop Colenso and Al Other Earnest Seekers After Truth. N. Rev. Abiel Silver, of New York. Publish by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and it sale by W. P. Hazard, Phi ladelphia.

THE CASTLE'S HEIR. By MRS. HESSE Wood, author of "Verner's Pride," Published by T. B. Peterson & Broken Philadelphia.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW; OR, MORALE AND RELIGION IN THEIR RELATION SO LIFE; an Essay upon the Physics of Comtion. By HENRY JAMES. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia

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Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

From a late Monthly Report of the Box ton Branch, we copy the following, com-menting it to attention, not only for the information it contains, and the hints it suggests, but for its appreciation of the work which the people are doing:

which the people are doing:

"Hearing the statement had been made that Government had on hand 75,000 suits of hospital clothing, and therefore the stores of the Banitary Commission were useless, an sunccessary and hurtful drain upon the energies of the people, we wrote to Washington a letter of inquiry, to which this is the answer: 'The fact, if it be one, which is very likely, that the Surgeon-General has on hand 75,000 suits of hospital clothing is of so practical use to us. Not one of those suits is meant for field hospitals, of which there may, perhaps, be seems 600 or 700 in the country. They are designed only for distribution in the General Hospitals, of which there may be some 150. It is a long time since the Commission has distributed clothing to the General Hospitals, which, thanks chiefly to the Medical Department of Government since its recognization are now as an ordinary thing, well supplied and conducted. Such articles as are not furnished by Government, and delicacies of all kinds, we continue to farmish freely to the General Hospitals, but the great bulk of our seves is required for those in the field. After the next great battle in which the Army of the Potomac will be engaged, our small accumulation of clothing will melt away in a single day."

"We have lately received a letter from

accumulation of clothing will melt away in a single day."

"We have lately received a letter from Washington, saying that pickles and domestic Wines are needed, and that their storehouses have none. In the same letter is sent the pattern of a 'Ration Bag,' with the following remarks as to its usefulness:—
'The idea is to furnish each soldier with two (one for sugar and one for coffee), to put inside the haversack, so as to keep the two articles from being spoiled, either by being wet from rain, or in crossing streams, or by coming in contact with the greasy pork and bacon.

coming in contact with the greasy pork and bacon.

"As all have to go into the same bag, the effect is not improving to either article. I speak from experience when I say no little gift would add more to the comfort, cleanliness (internal), and health of the soldier, than just such bags as these. Much of the ration is now lost by clinging to the aides and corners of the haversacks. These bags would save all that."

"It is difficult for us to understand the needs of the soldiers; only those who have had experience can rightly show us, why this thing that we at home think they must have is a burden, and why that thing which we had neglected would be a comfort.

which we had neglected would be a comfort.

"We shall be glad to furnish the pattern to any who wish it. As it is small, and simple in its make, it seems especially slapted to the hands of children."

In a late report of the Cleveland Branch we have an account of a club of young giris called the 'Alert Club,' whose object is to collect funds for the Working Society. They have a Constitution and elected officers, and by means of monthly and quarterly subscriptions have raised \$560 in seven months in a village of 200 inhabitants.

"From what a space of country, what a variety of people, does the Commission draw its precious storca! It is is difficult to connect gray flannel and blue yarn with the

has precious stores. It is is dimension to con-nect gray finnel and blue yarn with the thought of a great historical movement; yet our work is really in such connection, and each stocking or shirt we make 'for the soldiers' is portion of a story that has never

had its counterpart.
"In our correspondence we find our "In our correspondence we find our greatest pleasure and encouragement.— Some of the letters from far off corners of New England, come so full of earnestness and faithful hope, that we long to publish them far and wide, that they might touch and convince some hearts yet unmoved. We feel deeply the advantage of this correspondence, and gladly welcome any new opportunity of such intercourse. One thing only could be better, and that would be a personal acquaintance. A few spoken words can often tell more than a page of writing, and may give a sense of mutual comprehension and sympathy, which tend to make a future correspondence more useful and more pleasunt.

Our receipts still compare most favor-"Our receipts still compare most ravorably with those of last year, and this is a fact of much significance. The flow of supplies through our hands now, when the old household stores have been exhausted, and new and higher priced material has to be bought, means more than it did a year ago. It means that less money is spent for self, and more for those who suffer and mourn; that we are working, not with a startled sense of power and pain to be relieved, but for our country through her soldiers; that the burden of waiting and toil has been dethe burden of waiting and toil has been de-liberately taken up by us, at home, as our share of sacrifice; it means a steady purpose —constancy to the right, although the cost be great. It is a sign borne past us by the strong current from the heart of the people, a very light upon the Ganges, whose burning promises success and blessing."

We have the pattern of the "Ration Bags," referred to in this article, and we shall be glad to farnish it to any Aid Society, desiring to make them up for the soldiers.

We know you will help them their sorrows to

Frequent allusion has been made in our columns to the "Special Relief Committee," and to the fund collected for their use, outside of and separate from the Commission. But of the work which this committee is doing with this special fund nothing has been said; and feeling assured that our conselected the following cases illustrative:-

The wife of a private in the Corn Exchange regiment applied for assistance. Her hashand had received no pay, in consequence of his being in the hospital at Falmouth when his regiment was paid. She lowed seven mouths' rent, and her baker's bill had amounted to \$14. She had been

sitting up usufil 3 o'cleck at night, upon Geverament work, until her health gave way from hemorrhages. She has several small children, the yessesses three meants old. Her mane and readence were taken, and her immediate wants reliaved. When the regiment was paid the following ments described and the regiment was paid the following ments described and the regiment was paid the following ments described and the regiment was paid the following ments down to the Exchange and received sufficient which others of small amount which she had contracted in the neighborhood. This left ther a balance of three dollars. The day was wet, her shoes in a misseable condition, the exposure added to her cold, and painful and acute suffering was the result. This poor wife, dying with consumption, occupied a little room scarce larger than a butler's pantry, with her young children. The ton of coal and the barrel of flour, which the "Special Relief" left with her, were meded. "But the city siteads to these cases," say some. Yes, the city gives the woman two dollars a week; and how har will this sum go to relieve her need?

Another woman applied for sewing who had not received any of her husband's pay for many months. Upon wishing her, one cold day in March, they found her occupying a small tenessent in a court, in the upperpart of the city. The room was exquisitely, neal. A thread-bare, but clean rag-carpet covered the floor. The stove had very little fire in it, but was freshly blacked. A child was sleeping on a settle—the pillow anowwhite. This woman owed her landlord so much abe could not complain; although her personal cleanliness and the nestness of her room, spoke in praise of her house. She replied that there was water in her celler, but while she owed her landlord so much abe could not complain; although her physician had told her inst unless it was balled out, sickness would result. The appearance of the woman was delicate in the extreme. A discharged solder, low with consumption, came to the room for the floring her persona

His wound in the head was of such a nature that his discharge was given to him, although be did not ask it, nor wish it; but the surgeon who gave it knew that he never again would be fit for duty. He had received neither pension nor bounty, and was robbed of a portion of his pay, which he had upon his person, during the two days of insensibility that followed after receiving his wound. Some washing and sawing were given to the wife; and may God help her in her efforts to support her disabled husband, who, had his health been spared, could always have secured to her, with his own strong arm, a comfortable living.

The duties of the Special Relief Committee are necessarily arduous in guarding against imposition, as well us in preparing latter only to die. But the most attractive the work, and giving it out in proportion to the relative necessities of the applicants .-They are, bowever, more than rewarded for their unwearied labors by the pleasure of ministering to such necessities; and if our citizens continue to provide them with the means, they will go on with their labors as long as they are needed. All donations in half worn clothing or money, intended for the use of this Committee, should be designated "for the Special Relief," otherwise it is given into the general fund of the U. S. Sanitary Commission.

If the gentlemen of the Union League of this city who are subscribing their hundreds of dollars for the celebration of the Fourth of July were to visit these families, we are sure they would divide with us the sum appropriated for this purpose. While such misery exists, parades and shows are but mockeries. What benefit will be conferred upon the Union League by this celebration, compared with the honor it might reap by becoming the benefactor of these suffering families? Let the army know that "The Union League" is attending to the wants of tributing societies would be interested in the wives and children of the volunteers, hearing something of their labors, we have and it will then have a claim for the influence that it seeks.

DONATIONS.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Delicates from Mrs. English, 617 S. Third street, Phile.

1 bex, Wilhestarra, Lumpse county, Ledies' Aid, Mrs. Loop, See'y.

1 bex lemons, Ladies' Aid, Emsting, Pa.

1 bex, Ladies' Soldiery' Relief Association, Bethiehem, Mrs. F. J. Huffle, See'y.

Drawers, Sethiehem Mile Society, Mrs. N. M. Selfridges, See'y.

Clothing, Miss E. Mislin, St. Mark's Church.

3 bexes. Ladies' Aid Society, Bedford, Pa., Many T. Burchy, See'y.

1 box, Aid Society, Christians, Lamesster county, F. A. Hen, See'y.

1 bex, Ladies' Aid, Northumberland, Mrs. H. Jenkins, See'y.

1 berrel, Hillside Aid Society, Kingston, Miss F. N. Owen, See'y.

1 bex, Mrs. Y. Dunlap.

1 package, G. I. Gross.

Love, Ladies' Aid Society, Manch Chenk, R.

1 peckage, G. I. Gross.
1 bex, Ladies' Aid Society, Mauch Chunk, R.
D. McCleary.
1 large box, Williamsport Union Aid, L. A.
Bayder, Corresponding Socy.
Delicacies, Miss Hutchinson.
1 box, Mr. and the Misses Robertsons' Schools,
Pittator. Lancement.

1 box, Mr. and the misses Roberson's Schools, Pittston, Luserne county.

1 box containing 60 glass tubes, A. M. M. Mc. Intosh, Baisto P. O., N. J.

8 ahirts, Florence Ladies' Relief.

24 pillow cases, Union Sewing Circle.
Ciothing, German Lutheran Church, Mana-

I barrel, I keg, Montrose, Miss E. C. Blackman.
Reading matter, Mrs. Chapman Biddle.
I package old timen from a Friend.
I boxes, Northwest Soldiers' Association, &
Laura Chase, Sec'y, 2146 Mount Vernon street.
I box, St. Thomas township, Franklin county,
Clothing, Church of the Holy Trinity, Phila.
Old linen, First Fresbyterian Church, Phila.
Delicacies, St. Luke's Auxiliary Society.
Clothing, St. Stephen's Aid Society, Phila.
Clothing, Ladles' Sewing Club, Miss Wagner,
Delicacies and socks, Ladles' Aid Society,
Emmanuel Church, Holmesburg.
Reading matter, Mrs. Caldwell Biddle.
I box, Tunkasnock, Schaylkill county.
I box, Flumington, Clinton county.
Clothing, etc., Misses Lewis, Spruce street.

QUEER MISPRONUNCIATION.

It is a striking fact that names of place are oftenest mispronounced by the inhabi-tants or people of the neighborhood. Some of these distortions are amusing enough for their wide departure from the true pronunciation. In La Salle half the people call their city "La Sell," (and a "dead sell" it is to the reluctant wayfarer, compelled to wait half a day for the train.) Bellfontaine is pronounced "Bell fountain," and everybody n or about Indianapolis calls it "Indianopalia," without scruple or apparent remorse. Evansville goes often by the name of " Ivansville," and Terre Haute-(a pretty French same for a fine Yankee town in Indiana, and signifying "High-land,") what do you think they call that? Why, "Terry Hut," to be sure—a sound which seems porten-tiously indicative of mud cabins, instead of the civilized, and even elegant, architecture which honors the city. But the vice is not peculiar to the West. The older natives of Hartford, Conn., speak of it as "Harford" to this day; many citizens of Brunewick, Me., continue to shock the ears of the Bowdoin boys by allusions to "Brumaick;" while half the inhabitants of Portsmouth, N. H., call it-what do you suppose? couldn't guess in a month of Sundays. You give it up?-of course you do; what can

they call it but Portsmouth? Why " Porch-

nouth," by all that is ridiculous !

Jefferson, is situated in the waters skirting the coast of Florids. "Dry" it is called, but it stands upon one of an Archipelago of sand anks miles away from any main land, and is, in all its bearings, very wet. Fort Jeffer-son is on one of the Tortugas group, which covers a nautical area of about twelve miles, and lies in the Gulf, in latitude 24 40 and longitude 82 50. The islands are mere sand heaps, covered, however, with beautiful shells, and surrounded by reefs of white coral. It is a great resort for sea turtles The Fort is described as a most delightful place. Inside the grounds are beautifully laid out, and contain a commendable display of flower beds and other natural decorations. There are an abundance of trees. prominent among which are the red oak and alanthus. The mosquitoes trouble the tree here is that which bears the cocoa nut. These trees are sprinkled in squads through out the grounds, and are as grateful to the eye as they are useful for shade. A long coarse grass carpets the sand very acceptably indeed. This is the paradise of forts-as ele gant as it is strong and useful.

A REMAKABLE INSTANCE of the advantage which medical men may derive from chemistry has been published in the reports of the hospital Hotel Dieu, at Parls. A young student wrote a thesis in which he showed that gangrene and deficiency of oxygen were to be regarded as cause and effect. Dr. Laugier, surgeon-in chief of the hospital, having a case of spontaneous gangrene under his care, proceeded to test the theory. The patient, a man of seventy five years of age, had the disease in one foot, one too was mortified, and the whole member was in danger. The diseased part was enclosed in an apparatus contrived to disengage oxygen continuously, and in a short time the gan grene was arrested, and the foot recovered its healthy condition. A similar experiment tried upon another patient equally aged, was equally successful, from which the inference follows that treatment with oxygen is an effectual remedy for a disease which too often infesta hospitals.

Rev. Mr. Woodworth states that one in Paris.

CHANGES IN VEGETATION.

There is an easy by a Danish botsuis Frederic Schouro, upon the plants of Pom-pell, which has recently been translated, both into German and English, and which

contains, apparently, some valuable refise-tions. The substance of it is well brought together in the last number of Blackwood. We seem naturally to expect that the same class of trees and plants will grow for age after age on the same spot. But an inspection of the pictures preserved in Pom-pelum, no less than an examination of Virgil and other classics of that day, shows not gil and other classics of that day, shows not only that what we call "the everisating hills," have arisen and sunk, lakes have been formed, the shore risen and fallen, cities overwhelmed and uncovered, but the very character of the plants and trees has been greatly changed in Italy within the last eighteen hundred years.

Then the trees and plants of Italy had a Then the trees and plants of Italy had a far more Northern aspect than now it would seem. The early settlers on these shores, found a forest region of common deciduous trees now driven back to the scantily clothed Appeaines. The beech-forest, says Schoure, is called the symbol of Danish character. It useful flourish in Italy. Some of the trees of which Virgil celebrates the grandeur, are now not only soarce, but it is difficult to assertials their process, but it is difficult to assertials their process character. But cult to assertain their precise character. But the region which he celebrates was not then den, wych-elm and beech. Trees very much like our own, formed the forcets of

But in the course of these centuries, without any particular change in the climate, the evergreen species seem to have gradually been supplanting the deciduous, the foreign, the indigenous. Southern vegetation seems to have crept upwards, and the characteristie trees and shrubs and plants of Italy now have, therefore, a far more Southern appearance than they had when Virgil sang or Cicero declaimed.

In Greece, also, the linden, the yew, the beech, the aidet, the cornel and the ash have almost entirely disappeared. Instead of these, another class of plants, thick-leaved, hard-leaved, down-covered bushes, mostly

evergmen, have taken the place.

In Pompell, we find, in the frescos, indeed, representations of the vine, the olive, the laurel, the ilex, the fig. But the orange, emon and citron, for which Italy is now so amous, were know to Pilny only as foreign The citron was cultivated only in the third year after Christ, lemons came with the Saracens, and oranges were brought by the Portuguese from the East, while the aloe and Indian fig came from America. The white, or slikworm mulberry was un known to the Pompeians, and only commenced to be cultivated in the sixth century. Silks were imported by the Romans from the East. Barley used to be cultivated in Italy for the common people, but rice and Indian corn were never thought of; now they are staples. Cotton, now extensively grown at the foot of Mount Vesuvius is of modern introduction.

The same change which has been going on there has apparently been going on every where, as civilized man has developed. A first, by great care and pains, southern plants have, by protection, been reared; then they have become hardy, then indige nous, and thus the fruits and flowers and trees of the south are every creeping up northward.

What is more singular is, that man him self is, in some of his characteristics, undergoing the same change. We all know the endency of Northern tribes to emigrate Southward; but, when they do, they very rapidly degenerate, or at leat acquire all the Southern peculiarities of dark skin, dark eyes and dark hair. But very different is the result of Southern men emigrating Northward. Their descendants relain the dark eyes and hair; so that throughout Europe, and especially in Germany, the flaxenhaired inhabitants seem dying out, and the brunettes swallow up the blondes. This has been thought by Prof. Draper to be owing to civilization equalizing the temperature, the fires and furs creating a Southern climate for man even almost to the North Pole. But a late writer in Blackwood seems to think that it is rather because of the creeping up of Southern races to the Northward and retaining their physical peculiarities, just as we have seen Southern plants learn to live where they could not formerly. Perhaps cotton may grow some day in Hudson's Bay and Southern planters climb up there, a hardy race, to cultivate it.

The rebels profess to be greatly concarned for the maintenance of the Constitution of the United States. Which of them, it the provisions of that Constitution were enforced, would remain unhung?

12 Speaking of rhuberb, cooks, who know its extreme acidity, will appreciate the rule of the good woman in Pittsfield; Throw in augur as long as your conscience will let you; then shut your eyes and throw in a handful more."

While the soldiers were searching the passengers on a train recently, one of them discovered no less than seven re-volvers hid in a lady's bosom. Gathering up the pistols he politely remarked to the ment, he had only made a beginning. hundred Catholic priests are now cab drivers lady: "Madam, your breastworks seem to be iron-clad."

ANTHORY TROLLOPE was offered two thousand pounds sterling a year, for five years, if he would lead his name as editor to a magazina, without having the labor of being the acting editor, but declined.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has finished two volumes of his Life of Cusar. Two more are under way. It is said he means to break up and divide the Academy if the members do not admit him in consideration of his work.

A LETTER from Vickshauer of the 11th

under way. It is said he means to break up and divide the Academy if the members do not admit him in consideration of his work.

A keryene from Vichsburg of the 11th mys:—"Yesterday Judge Lowe, of Kachul, Iowa, had an interview with Gen. Great, and in reply to a question when Vichsburg would be taken, the general replied; "I can take it any hour; bet in making an immediate attack I would morifice the lives of many estimation, any occasion for each means of the replication and are short of both provisions and ammunition. They are losing from 50 to 100 every day by describe, and I am not at all apprehensive of the results consequent upon an attack in my rear. My force is adequate either to whip the rabals my force of arms or by starvation. I prefer the latter course, inassund as it demoralizes their army and does not decimate mime."

The news from North Carolina is very important. The Union men are in possession of a tract of land 350 miles long by 180 wide, and all the inland seas and rivers are filled with their guabous. The Unionists of East Tennessee and Western North Carolina have organized whole regiments of describes and onscripts from the rebel army. Twenty thousand of these men have offered to join the Pederal army as soon as a military post shall be established at Releigh. The rebel citizens have petitioned the government for protection against this organization, and have been told to take care of themselves.

The rebel General Forrest is dying from the effect of wounds received lately at Spring Hill. The injuries were received in a quarrel about a female.

Gov. Sermours has issued an order for the formation of a National Guard in New York, each Assembly district to form one regiment. The order does not affect New York City or Brooklyn.

We learn from General Hooker's army that the several corps are steadily assuming the positions respectively assigned to tham. The 1st army corps on Sunday marched 23 miles, on Monday 15, and on Tuesday 30 miles. Other corps have accomplished as great a distance.

Tribun

LE A man in Michigan, not long sine committed suicide by drowning. As the body could not be found, the coroner held in inquest on his hat and bottle, found on the bank of the lake. Verdict-"found

Crazy as Géorge the Third was said have been, there was evidently method in his madness at times. Speaking to Archdshop Sutton of his large family, he used the expression—"I believe your grace habetter than a dozen?" "No, sir," replied the Archbishop, "only eleven." "Well," rejoined the King, "is not that better than dozen ?"

A Massachusetts judge has decided that a husband may open his wife's letters on the ground-so often and so tersely stated by Mr. Theophilus Parsons of Cam oridge—that "the husband and wife are one, and the husband is that one !"

When a Digger Indian gets the small ox, he closes the door of his hut, kills hi og, and then shoots himself. For arrestin contagion we can imagine no plati mer simple or effectual.

Warm lovely woman longs to marry And match a victim from the beaux. What charm the soft design will carry, The only art, her schemes to cover,

To give her wishes sure success, To gain, to fix a captive lover, And wring his bosom, is -TO DRESS.

It is perfectly natural that phy icians generally should have a greater hor for of the sea than anybody else-because hey are more likely to sec-sickness.

"I am surprised, wife, at your ig norance," said a pompous fellow. you never seen any books at all?" "Ou, yes," she replied, " in a number of cases."

Love is to domestic life what butter is to bread-it possesses little nourishment in itself, but gives substantials a relish, without which they would be hard to swal-

MAKE A BEGINNING .- Remember in all things that if you do not begin you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed in the his early life to be very fond of a game of ground, the first shilling put in the savings bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey are all important things; they make a beginning and thereby a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in carnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of industry and amend-

"WHISTLING girls and good fat sheep, Are the best stock a man can keep."

LATEST NEWS

Woman's coquetry, and yes fall a victim to it; like the nightingale which sits on a tree, and sees the net spread beneath, and yes

good-humored and cheerful are very useful in the world. They not only maintain peace and happiness, but spread a glow of sunshine among those with whom they as-

The following advertisement app ed in a recent issue of an English paper :—
"A clergyman wishes to exchange his two little girls, aged 9 and 7, either together or separately, for two boys." He should walf till they are older.

till they are older.

22 Our Cockney contributor, who has recently been shaved at a mock auction concern, sends us the following:—" Yest you yants to be did, go to a public vendoo."

23 An American in London writes of Bulwer to the Boston Commonwealth:—"And there is Bulwer! Of him I can only

say that it was a most graphic descripti which his wife gave when she said he had the head of a goat on the body of a grass-

hopper."

Let An English writer says in his advice to young married women, that their mothes Eve married a gardener. It might be added that in consequence of this match he lost his

At a hotel table one day, one boarder remarked to his neighbor: "This must be a healthy place for chickens." "Why?" asked the other. "Because I never see any lead ones herenbouts."

Brigham Young in one of his recent Sunday "sermons" bragged of the beauty of his wives, and one of the "brethren" claimed to have Afty nine children, and de-fied any of the followers of the faith to show a more prolific record!

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher salled for

Europe last Saturday, to be absent four months. "Why is it," says the Portland Transcript, "we never hear of worn-out editors being sent abroad by their patrons for health and recreation?" The late Stonewall Jackson at vari-

ous periods of his life was afflicted with dif-ferent forms of hypochondria. One of the manias was to believe that everthing he cat went down and lodged in his left leg! At another time he would never eat except by the watch, at the precise moment; and be would take out his watch, lay it on the table, behindhand, he would not eat at all,

QUESTION AND ECHO .- HAVE YOU got an erysipelas? Nicho-'Nary sipelas. 13" Swing.-The difference between a party of topers and their wine is but slight an S.

At the annual dinner of the Royal Geographical Society of London, on the 25th of May, the Right Honorable Spencer Wright, M. P., when returning thanks for a toast given to the "House of Commons," alluded to the civil war in America, and said that they had just received the lamentable news that Stonewall Jackson, one of the noblest descendants of the English race, was no more. At this illusion to the rebel general the wildest enthusiasm prevailed among those present. Several of the leading London papers mourn over the loss of Jackson.

The late Judge M--- was said in cards and was reputed to be quite a proficient id all the mysteries of cuchre, high-lowjack, bluff, etc., etc. Walle holding the circuit in one of the western counties, the counsel for the plaintiff was examining a rather rejuctant witness, and in the course of his examination put some questions to the witness which was objected to by the judge as improper. This was repeated again and again, in different forms, until the ju and again, in different forms, until the judge, quite out of patience, called out to the plainduif out or patience, cannot be tiff's counsel, "Mr. B tif you have got any trumps you had better pley them, and not undertake to 'nig any more!"

"A builte, my child, Where the development have may fall, Where the variety over may be beguind, and the statistic type may be beguind, and the statistic heart may qual. Where the face are gathered on every hand, and test not, day mer night, had the fashio little same ment shoul In the Shickest of the fight."

"What is Duth, faller?" When the wirth and tell are o'er; The eagel of God, who calm and mild Sagn we need fight no more: The driveth ever the demon band, Bids the din of battle come;

hand, And proclaims an eleval peace."

"Let me die, fither! I tremble end four To yield in that terrible strife." "The crown must be won for heaven, desc, In the heltle field of Life. My child, the' thy fees are strong and tried, He loveth the weak and small; The angels of heaven are on thy side.

And God is over all."

THE MAD SAVANT. A STORY OF THE GRAND ARMY

"Just take a look in here before ye go, my dear friend, at No. 45; it is go, my dear triend, at No. 45; it is a curious case; and presently over our wine in the halcony I will tell you the story," said Dr. Frontot, the famous mad doctor of Berlin to me, who, professional sang-froid. The doctor, as he spone, alld saide the little round piece of brast that hid a glassed aperture in the wall, and then took an elaborat sinch of snuff, while I looked through it into the cell of No. 45. It was a small, bare room, with no furniture but a trestle-bad, one chair, and a small triangular table. At this table sat a tall, thin gray-haired man with a vacant, care-worn face, who was busy counting a heap of those round, pris matic pieces of glass that are used as orna ments to chandeliera. Having counted them ome twenty times over, he proceeded to breathe on each of them, and then, one by one, to rub them, and hold them to the light. Suddenly he rose, drew himself to his full length, struck his forehead, as if he was in pain there, or as if some momentary flash of reason had lighted up his mind, then gave a loud shrick, and fell in a swoon

I replaced the brass slide with an involuntary sigh. "He has swooned; should be not help, Dr. Frochot?" said I to my friend, the mad doctor.

"No; he is often so," replied the imperturbable doctor; "he will be better when he comes to. We never visit patients but at regular hours. If we were always visiting patients, what time should we poor doctors

Some ten minutes later, the doctor and gayself were seated in the balcony of one of the pleasantest houses in Berlin, watching the little heart-shaped Teaves of the limetrees waver and flutter in the street below, as we smoked our cigars and sipped our Hochheimer. It was a quiet street in the suburbs, and that part of the house where the patient was confined was far away from us, and separated from the quarter that the doctor inhabited by a large garden, and thus no groan or shrick could reach us. A pale, fat man, a recovered patient, waited on us, to us, laughing and shouting, from the inner rooms. As it began to get dusk, and the air grew cooler, and the first star sparkled over the General Graufenciau's house opposite, the doctor, planting one foot on the

story: You must know, my dear friend, that in 1819-that is to my, exactly eighteen years ago-I, then a mere lad, accompanied the French army to Russia. I was surgeon in Davout's corps, and was often in the Emperor's tent. No. 45-then a well-known ner in Berlin-was also with the all about the Rostopchin Palace." Grand Army, having been expressly commanded by Napoleon to make observations on the climate of Russis, and to record its "Yes, everything. He was steward's man variations. His name was Krautzer, and he to the prince, and knows all the family sewas well known at that time in Berlin as an creta." Then he held his torch close to the acute observer of great industry and sagecity, but of an envious and avaricious spirit, that had led him to waste much time in alchemic pursuits, which he had finally andoned in disgust, only to give himself ogether up to place-hunting and moneyng. We knew each other by sight, and equently saw him both during the ad-see and the retrest. The story I tail you is partly from my own knowledge, and partly from the mouth of his intimate many of whom were acquaintances

But let me delay for a moment, my dear friend, to recall the glories of that vast army of three hundred thousand men that crossed into Bussia. Only yesterday that crossed into Bussia. an old country women was brought to see me, who had beheld that army pass her cot-ters. The described Numbers as of the co-

past the doorway in dusty estamat. The country girls were peoping in at the window, to catch a glimpse of the Hesperur. "Why do you look at me?" he said good-naturedly to one of the pretiest, chacking her under the chin as he spoke. "I am a poor little fellow. Look at these fine tall fellows" (pointing to Davout and Murat). The old en who told me this had a head that kept nodding with the palsy; and it took one years back to fancy her young, graceful, and pretty. But that little story recalled to my mind how our army looked when we arrived at Gjat, just before the affair at

for a glass of punch, sent Rapp for the reports, and transacted Dunies.

till five; then mounted on horseback, and ordered the drums to beat and the trumpets to sound. "It is the enthusiasm of Auster-lits," he said, as he rode forward, and the troops began to cheer. We lost ten thousand men, the Russians fifteen thousand. But a few days after the Russians retreated. and we advanced straight on Moscow.

I dareeny you have read a dozen tin ous battle, but I cannot resis you of its chief points. The Russians were in a strong position, strengthened by field works; their right flank rested on an ined wood; a brook running through a deep ravine covered their right wing; from the village of Borodino the left extended to de, another village, protected by ravines and thickets in front, secured by reloubts and batteries; while in the centre, on an elevation, rose a double battery, that commanded the whole line.

Davout wanted to turn their left, but Napoleon thought the plan too dangerous. Po-nistowski therefore attacked their right and centre; while Ney tried to storm the re-loubt in the contre; and Prince Eugene broke into Lemouskoie. If Napoleon had brought up his reserve of the Young Guard, the Russian retreat would have been a rout; and if Davout had got in their rear, Kutusow would have been unable to have retreated on the capital.

Ma foi / those peasants in the gray frocks, ncouraged by their boarded priests, with their painted images, fought like Turks, and would take or give no quarter. With nearly twenty thousand men wounded, and thirty generals Aore-de combat, you may imagin that I had a busy time of it the day after the bettle. I was the chief doctor in the great onvent of Kolotskoi, where our wounded were brought. We had no lint or anything and our hussars had to scour the country for linen and bods. I was up to my waisi in legs and arms; and at night, when I went out to take a breath of fresh air, as tired as any butcher on market-day, the groam from that great building rose as from a dying

On the night of the 11th, Napoleon being uncertain whether the Russian's had taken the road to Moscow or Kalouga, was informed by Jewish spies that Kutusow had really fallen back on the capital. The next morning we were to advance on Krymskoie. We were all in high spirits; even the poor wounded cheered faintly when I reported the news in the hospital.

That same night, as I was walking round the bivouse fires, just to observe how the soldiers took the news, I came upon a singular group near a clump of firs, at the east end of the convent garden. There was Krautser, whom I knew perfectly by sight, and a Jew spy, termenting an old Russie peasant, who knelt before them. They had sach got a lighted brand, and were, I sup pose, going to torture him into some sort of ion. Two or three soldiers, in their bear-skin caps and gray greatcoats, were leaning on their muskets, and laughing as they watched them. The Jew was a loan, upper ledge of the balcony, and resting the haggard man, with a dry, thin, wrinkled other on a china garden seat, began his face, and withered eyes, that looked like dried currents. As he stood there in his greasy caftan and dirty boots, drawn over his trowsers, I thought he might have pass ed muster for the very spirit of Avaries himself.

> "Burn his beard off, great sir !" I heard him say to Krautzer; "I tell you he knows

"And the celebrated Rostopehin jewels ! said Krautser eagerly.

eyes of the wretched peasant, who shrank into a heap, and screamed for mercy.

"Burn his fingers off?" cried the Jew. "Mercy! mercy! and I'll tell all," cried the peasant. "All the finest jewels are kept in a malachite cabinet, under the floor of the third bedroom to the right, on the third story, as you go up the grand stair

"He's lying," said the Jew; "my great sir burn his toes off-do burn his toes off."

I was just going to interfere, and had in deed spoken to Krautser apart, much to his indignation, when an old soldier came up, and striking the Jew with the but-end of his musket, told him, with an oath, not to illtreat the Russian.

"We owe them a turn," he said, "an we'll singe them with our cannon; but one prisoners, brave nien should be merciful. Now, then, old Muscovite, run for your paf life, and no Jew or savant shall burt you

The old Resslan did not probably under stand a word the old meastacks said to him but he new that Krauteer and the Jew were restrained by some one or other, and he pointed. That was enough. In a momer he blundered through the fire, and ran off hard as his old legs could carry him; and as I returned to the hospital, hearing the soldiers' laughter, I looked back, and saw the Jew, nose on ground, stealing like a blood-hound on the track of the old Russian. But I thought no more of it. Hard work drove all other thoughts out of my mind and I had my large family, my twenty

At sunrise on the 14th of September, th Salvation, and where the pilgrims kneel and pray before entering the holy city.
"Moscow! Moscow!" cried a hundre

thousand voices. The steeples and gilt domes abone in the sun; the huge triangu lar Kremlin, half palace, half citadel, rose above the trees.
As I stood among the crowd, I heard two

harsh voices at my elbow. One said "Where—where is it?" The other replied "That is the Rostopchin Palace there among the trees, to the left of the Kremlin. by the Kolomna Gate, All will soon be day

carrion-crow of a Jew. They were evidently thinking of the Rostopohiu jewels.

"Monaicur Krautzer," I said, "have yo not heard that Marshal Mortier has forbid den all pillage?"

"I suppose we may take keepsakes," b replied. "But to what do you refer?" "I was thinking," I replied, "of the male chite cabinet in the Rostopchin Palace."

"A peasant's lie," said Krautzer, pale with anger and confusion, as he spurred on his borse, and joined the vanguard. That man had but one thought now. The beas of a Jew ran by his stirrup. How or where he had picked up this man, or what common interest brought them together I never

Presently the news came that the two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants of Morcow had left the city. It was ours. No one was left in Moscow but beggars and thieves, and we entered the city soon after

While others sought the Kremlin or the bazaars, the churches or the cafes, I employed myself in selecting a fit place for the wounded to winter in. When I had made my arrangements, under the guidance of Cossack officer, a prisoner, I stopped at a great gateway, next door to our new quarers, and asked to what palace that led.

"That is the Rostopchin Palace, French man," said the prisoner, "and contains fur iture worth half a million of rubles, all left for your Corsican's planderers."

We are no thieves," I said. "Marshal Mortier, the new governor of Moscow, is ordered on pain of death, to prevent all pil-

"Ha!" says he, "look there; they have egun already."

I looked up to where he pointed; there were two men tearing down some shutters, and thrusting their heads out of a wandow on the third story. I looked; it was Kraut zer and that accursed Jew. They were evidently in full cry after those Rostopol

" Take charge of this officer," I said to the picket of grenadiers that accompanied me and wait below. I have business here."

"Another of Marshal Mortier's robbers." muttered the Cossack; but I did not deign

I leaped through the shattered door, and n a moment was up the staircase. That moment a gun was discharged, and a bullet shivered the balustrade that my hand rested room on the third story where the door was

I stumbled over a still smoking musket. There, in the half-lit room, with light streaming through the broken shutters, were Krautfoor, from whence they had removed two put a bullet through him!" layers of ocdar-planks and much plaster and fresh earth. There, between them, was the malachite cabinet-the forced-off lid carefully replaced.

I was in a furious rage at the attempted assassination. "I don't know which of you it was who shot at me," said I, "but one of you it was. If it was this cursed Jew-who already I know to be a spy, and half suspect to be a murderer-I will kill him on the spot. If you, Monsieur Krautzer, I shall re-

port you to Marshal Mortier." "I know what you want," said Krautzer, sullenly looking up. "Don't swagger. You

I left the room with a curse, dashing the

Jew for many a day, although I heard a rumor, that he had undertaken, for several thousand rubles, to convey back to France a Russian lady of rank, whose husband had been taken prisoner at Wilna, and sent to the Temple. I never know a man so transformed by a lust for wealth as that Krautzer

fired Moscow, the flames first breaking out in the coachmakers' warehouses. From that moment, the Emperor knew it was all over with him. The fatal retreat soon after

Every day matters grew worse and worse When one morning, on 6th November, at Dorogobui, the first snow-flakes fell large as half-crowns, the Russian prisoners smiled bitterly, for they knew well what was coming. From that day, ft grew worse and worse-thicker and thicker; and the Cos acks skimmed round us like Arabs round s plague-struck caravan, As Segur says grandy in his great work :- "In this vast wreck, the army, like a great ship tossed by a tre mendous tempest, threw into that vast weltering sea of ice and snow all that could impede its progress." First, plunder, guns, arms, powder, shot; then the wounded, the women, the sick, sutlers, prisoners, standards. At the convent of Kolotakoi, it went to my heart to find thousands of my poor wound ed dead, and the rest, whom we could not move, crowding to the door, lame and ban laged, stretching out their arms, and praying us to take them with us. There was no ford but some wagons or guns were abandoned at it; no storm of Cossacks but swept off some miserable stragglers; no bivouse fire lit but in the morning some of our wretched soldiers were found dead, with their feet half-burned off, and their hair

frozen to the ground. Pounded corn and horse flesh had gradu ally been superseded by birch-bark and sawdust loaves. The Emperor gave orders to destroy one-Lalf the wagons, so as to use the horses and draught oxen to help forward the artillery. Many of the cavalry, by the ime we reached Studzianka-and many eyen of the Sacred Squadron, the five hun dred officers who formed the bodyguard of the Emperor-were dismounted. Some of our men had their bleeding feet bandaged with rags, to replace their worn-out shoes There were generals wrapped in women's pelieses. All discipline was rapidly going. During the retreat, I had frequent glimpee of Krautzer, who was always followed by that carrion-crow of a Jew. The day we the sumptuous carriage that contained/the Russian lady of rank whom he had under lin, to throw into it the ancient armor, cannon, the great cross of Ivan, and other trophies of Moscow, the carriage had disappeared, and Krautzer and his charge were

taken to convey to Paris. A day or two both mounted on horses. There was no sun visible, and the thick fog had suddenly changed into a heavy snow, that blew round us, and almost blinded the soldiers. Emadated, dirty, and unshaven, our men already had begun to look more like hungry brigands than grenadiers of the Grand Army. It was on this day that the Emperor himself dismounted, seized a musket, and marched at the head of the Old Guard, to encourage them. When I shut my eyes, I can see him now, with the stern, gripped mouth and the broad white forehead, over which one black ress of hair fell. I was riding quietly along ith the vanguard, wrapped in thought, when one of my assistant-surgeons tapped me on the shoulder, and pointed at Krautzer.

"Dook at that man, Monsieur Frochot, he said; "observe how his holsters are stuffed out. \ The soldiers tell me they are full of jewels that he stole from a palace in Moscow. Partiou! I would give a hatful of de now myself to be so levards."

"And look at that poor woman, came rades," said a grenadier from the ranks-"how frightened she is of him; they say he beats her if she lags behind, he is so afraid ser and the Jew, bending over a hole in the of the Coesact's. Brute! I should like to

"And here comes that Jew that never loses sight of hisn," cried a third fellow, with a red rag round his forehead—" follows him like a weasel dees a wounded rabbit. I'd shoot that Jew if he followed me so. Ugh! how this snow blows in one's eyes!"

Worse and worse; you could trace our march by long himes of snow-hillocks; the graves of our unhappy soldiers. Four days from Smolensko, where we hoped to get food, I saw the poor Russian lady riding in s sutler's wagon, the next day on a gun-carriage. The day after that, I met her walk. ing with almost bare feet, clinging to an old want your share; well, then, here take it;" soldier, who had taken compassion on her; and so saying, he threw off the lid of the her hair was disherrelled, her rich dress had malachite cabinet with a hideous grin of turned to rags. At day before we reached triumph. It was empty; its velvet-lined re-cesses still bore the impress of tiaras, carca-heap of camp followers who had been spearnets, chams, and bracelets. "You see we ed by the Cossacks! The snow already had partly covered her. I stopped for a moment, lace, and tiaras—"rarest water," "greatest left the shell for us. As for the shot, we took you for a stray Russian, and being here alone, feared violence. For that shot, a mow. Poor woman, at last her sufferings thousand partons, my dear doctor; but pray, were over; she was beyond the reach of lad been bought in by one of the leading keep this cashet as a small remembrance of pain, sorrow, and hunger. As for that jewellers of Paris for the Rostopchin family,

hoping to be first to reach the overs, where the Jove were baking bread for the army. At the sight of Smolensko, with its half-burned walls and dismantied towers, hope once more revisited our hearts, we waved our flags and bayonets, and hurried head long to the ovens.

I found as infuriated mob of soldie sieging the doors of the bakehouse whe their menaces, the frightened Jews wees Hundreds of beyonets were toesing in the air, muskets were discharging, and here and there men were actually fainting with hunger on doorsteps, within arm's length of the crowd. All order and discipline were gone, and amid a group of infuriated men alog for more bread, officers were seen clamoring loudly as the meanest camp follower.

Foremost among these, more cowardly and more importunate than any, I say Kraulzer; he was mounted on a strong artillery-horse, and the well-stuffed be were still conspicuous objects on his saddle. He was breasting his way to the front among the cursing soldiers, and the Jew was clinging to his stirrup-leather. His arms were up in the air entreating for bread, and the bayo nets were all round him before and behind and on the right hand and on the left, so that he could not move them either up or

" Shoot the savant!" cried a drummer, on whom his horse had trodden; "soldiers first, savants after. Why didn't he forese

" Bread, bread, accursed Jews! bread dear Jews!" screamed out Krautzer, alter nately wheedling and threatening.

"Bread, or we'll slay every Jew !" shouted the soldiers, tearing the dough to pieces as the Jew-bakers threw it in great white lumps among them, fierce as sharks fighting for a bait.

I was about four ranks off from Krautze and was waiting patiently for my turn, when my attention was drawn to the Jew at the savant's side. He was bending down and evidently cutting at the savant's holsten with a thick, sharp knife. I was fascinated with the sight; so fascinated, that I lost all thought of giving the alarm, though amid the war of four or five thousand hourse voices, it is not possible that any alarm could have given could have reached him Suddenly I saw the holsters slide off, and the Jew stoop down and crawl under the horse's belly, and winding through the rowd, disappear down a side-alley.

"I think," said I to an officer next that a Jew has robbed that man in front of his. I saw him cut off his holstern."

"Cha!" said the officer I addressed; this is no time to look after thieves. Here, Jews-bread, bread; I'm starving; bread low, or I'll fire my pistol."

Presently from the ravenous crowd Kraut er emerged, devouring a huge lump of dough, tearing it with his hands, and cramming it in huge morsels into his mouth.

"Is there more to be got, Monsieur Kraut

"I don't know or care," said the wretch; it is every one for himself now. I'm off to Wilns. At that moment, Krautzer's eyes happen

ed to fall upon his saddle; he saw that his holsters were gone. He turned pale as a corpse, then suddenly his eyes kindled with the fire of incipient madness, and he drew his sword and advanced upon me.

"Villain! thief! it is you," he said, "give me the jewels, or I'll cut you to pieces. " Put up that sword, fool," I said, "or I'l

shoot you down as I would a Cossack. It was that Jew who cut off your holsters, and ran down that lane."

The sword fell from Krautzer's hands: his eyes rolled in their sockets; he flung up his arms, rose in his stirrups, gave a ghastly scream, and then sank into a half-paralysed heap on the saddle, and rode slowly off down

From that hour the savant's reason failed him; that shock had stricken him to the brain; his conduct became gradually more and more wild and raving. He rode up and down among the ranks of the vanguard, like a madman, seeking for the Jew, calling his name, threatening him with death, praying him to take half the jewels, and surreme der the rest. At last, raving, and threatening a general with his sword, Krautzer was arrested, and sent to the rear with the sick. It was then I was sent to see him, and proounced him mad.

I need scarcely remind you of the horror of the Beresina, when about thirty thousand of our soldiers perished. I, however, passed my wounded over early in the day, and escaped safe to Wilna. Krautzer has been with me ever since, the Prussian Government paying for his support. He will never recover; his brain is softening; I give him two years longer to live.

The rescal Jew was never again heard of: but a year or so after my return, I happened to see an advertisement in an Amsterdam paper, announcing the sale of some valuable jewels, diamond brooches, sapphire neck

Thanking the doctor for his interstory, I rose to go, for it was getting late. As he opened the front door for me, a tel As he opened the front door for me, a nag-pale, thin woman, clothed in black; glided into the house, and pessed into the portary

"There," said the doctor, "behold a Talk of asbestos—talk of granite; that pener woman, twenty years are, was second woman, twenty years ago, was engaged to be married to Krautzer. She visits him every day, and has done so for years. He does not know her, and he does not care for her visits; still she comes.—Have cother eight, to smoke going home? You won't? Very well. Good-night."

A MORMON WEDDING.

A Mormon newspaper gives the following ecount of the formalities observed when a

wife, and who wishes to espouse anoth has any right to make any propositions of marriage to a lady, until he has consulted the President over the whole church, and through him obtains a revelation from God, as to whether it would be pleasing in His sight. If he is forbidden by revelation, that ends the matter: if, by revelation, the privilege is granted, he still has no right onsult the feelings of the young lady, until he has obtained the approbation rents, provided they are living in Utah; # their consent cannot be obtained, this als ends the matter. But if the parents or green dians freely give their consent, then he make propositions of marriage to the you lady; if she refuses these propositions, the also ends the matter; but if she accept, a day is generally set apart by the parties the marriage ceremony to be celebrated. It is necessary to state that before any man takes the least step towards getting as wife, it is his duty to consult the feelings of the wife he already has, and obtain her consent. When the day set apart for plemuization of the marriage ceremony arrived, the bridegroom and his wife, also the bride, together with their relative, and such other guests as may be invited. assemble at the place which they have to pointed. The Scribe then proceeds to take the names, ages, native towns, counties states and countries of the parties to be married, which he carefully enters on record. The Prophet, Seer and Revelator over the whole church throughout the world, and who alone holds the keys of thority in this solemn ordinance (as recorded in the fifth paragraph of the revelation marriage,) calls upon the bridegroom and his wife, and the bride, to arise, which they do, fronting the President. The wife stands on the right hand of her husband, while the bride stands on the left. The Preside then puts this question to the wife: 'Are you willing to give this woman to your husband to be his lawful and wedded wife, for time and for eternity? If you are, you will manifest it by placing her right hand in the right hand of your husband.' The right hand of the bridegroom and bride being thus joined, the wife takes the husband by the left arm, as if in the attitude of walking.
The President then proceeds to ask the felowing questions of the man: 'Do you brother, (calling him by name,) take sister, (calling the bride by name,) by the right hand to receive her unto yourself, to be you lawful and wedded wife, and you to be he awful and wedded husband, for time and for all eternity, with a covenant and promise, on your part, that you will fulfil all the laws matrimony, in the new and everlasting ... venant, doing this in the presence of Gel, angels, and these witnesses, of your free and choice?' The bridegroom answer name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the authority of the Holy Priesthood, I pro-nounce you legally and lawfully husband and wife for time and for all eternity; I seal upon you the blessings of the hely resurrection, with power to come forth the morning of the first resurrection, clothed with glory, immortality and eternal lives; and I seal upon you the blessings of threes, and dominions, and principalities, and personal exaltations, together with the ings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and unto you, be fruitful, and multiply, plenish the earth, that you may have by and rejoicing in your posterity in the by the Lord Jesus. All these blessings, ther with other blessings pertaining to new and everlasting covenant, I see up your heads, through your faithfulness the end, by the authority of the Holy Print hood, in the name of the Father, the Soa, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.' The Scribe then enters on the general record the date and place of the marriage."

An eminent medical man has just liscovered the true cause of a patient's disposition on one particular day. The pos creature so afflicted, had, it appears, early that morning, turned in bed. (Wretched)

Your manners are always under amination, and by committees little suspect wretch Krautzer, t be, intent on saving his plunder, was ridiring hotly on to Smolensko, longed, having been stolen during the time plunder, was ridir g hotly on to Smolensko, longed, having been stolen during the time prizes when you least think of it.

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hway-wha at end is gr the accompli ed in the Ru What do yo I mean that to avenge y nor the law . He may ir poor fathe can prove afe, and that ney. He wo poor Nelly, If I can once eve as firm demonstrate ish Launcelo You know h Yes. His ur

-Maurice firmest fri story, Dick, igh from m elot Darrel 's money, an y dies withou prove to th melanch ogh his nepi ell would n

ard to it, thou ney. Ik

tweet little Lucy with curis of jet Is just the canning out household pet; Look at her face so soft and fair, Her lip with its sweet disdain of care, The regulah smile as ahe climbs your knee Her graceful motions light and free, As backward and forward she loves to run, with her eyes lit up and a-blass with fun.

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Tet our little Queen is unaware Of this beauty which makes the gods despair he knows not the spall in her artiess kiss, Nor how broad and ample her kingdom is, What a circle of loving breasts is prone To watch each glance from her wishful thron Though her wonderful sceptre she hath n

We are her subjects, and she is Queen.

As she sits in my lap I think of the day When a handsome youth shall come this way, Nobis in form, of manly brow, (Some boy that is rocked in his cradie now,)
And with heart on fire and blushing check, ils burning ardor will try to speak While twirling as I do one silken tress : Will she take, or refuse him? Who can gu

b, sweet little Lucy, that day be wise, nd veil with a tenderer beam those eyes, Let a gentler radiance send the dart hat shall thrill or sadden a beating heart; Think of thy life and its measureless scope, Of the one you must give to Despair or Hope and whatever answer those lips may mean, Be it well with him and our little Queen. JOEL BENTON.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

By THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDILLY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RESOLVED.

Launcelot Darrell had not sailed for Calutta in the Princess Alice. This point ce established, it was utterly vain for lichard Thornton to argue against that sudien conviction, that indomitable belief which ad taken possession of Eleanor Vane's nd, respecting the identity between the an who had won her father's money at rte, and Mrs. Darrell's only son.

"I tell you, Richard," she said, when the ne-painter argued with her, " that nothing ut proof positive of Launcelot Darrell's abat proof positive of Launceiot Darrell's ab-nice in India at the date of my father's rath would have dispossessed me of the les that flashed upon me on the day I left erkshire. He was not in India at that me. He deceived his mother and his iends. He remained in Europe; and led, doubt, an idle, dissipated life. He must ave lived by his wita, for he had no money om his mother; no one to help him-no ession to support him. What is more tely than that he went to Paris-the parae of scoundrels, I have heard you say, chard—under an assumed name? What ore likely? Why, he was there! The an I saw on the Boulevard, and the man saw in Windsor street, are one and the me. You cannot argue me out of that tiled idea, Richard Thornton, for it is the th. It is the truth, and it shall be the

ness of my life to prove that it is so." "And what then, Eleanor?" Mr. Thornasked gravely. "Supposing you can ove this; by such evidences as will be very licult to get at; by such an investigation will waste your life, blight your girlhood rp your nature, unsex your mind, and naform you from a candid and confiding man into an amateur detective? Supe you do all this-and you little guess dear, the humiliating falsehoods, the ful deceptions, the studied baseness, you st practice if you are to tread that sinuous way-what then? What good is effected at end is gained? Are you any nearer e accomplishment of the vow you uted in the Rue l'Archeveque?" What do you mean, Richard?"

I mean that to prove this man's guilt is to avenge your father's death. Neither nor the law have any power to punish He may or may not have cheated poor father. At this distance of time can prove nothing against him, except he played ecarte in the private room of afe, and that he won all your father's ey. He would only laugh in your face, poor Nelly, if you were to bring such a

rge as this against him."
If I can once prove that, which I now eve as firmly as if every mortal proof onstrated its truth, I know how to sh Launcelot Darrell," replied the girl. You know how to punish him ?"

Yes. His uncle—that is to say, his great Maurice de Crespigny, was my fafirmest friend. I need not tell you ory, Dick, for you have heard it often from my poor father's own lips. elot Darrell expects to inherit the old 's money, and will do so if Mr. de Cresdies without making a will. But if I prove to the old man that my father melancholy and untimely death igh his nephew's treachery, Launcelot ell would never inherit a sixpence of ney. I know how eagerly he looks ard to it, though he affects indifference."

Richard, staring aghast at his companion;
"you would betray the secrets of this young
man's youth to his uncle, and compass his ruin by that revelation."

"I would do what I swore to do in the Rue l'Archeveque. I would avenge my father's death. The last words my poor father ever wrote appealed to me to do that. I have never forgotten those words. There may have been a deeper treachery in that night's work than you or I know of, Richard. Launcelot Darrell knew who my father was he knew of the friendship be-tween him and Mr. de Crespigny. How do we know that he did not try to good the poor old man to that last act of despair; how do we know that he did not plan those losses at cards, in order to remove his un cle's friend from his pathway? Ob, God! Richard, if I thought that—!" The girl rose from her chair in a sudden

tumult of passion, with her hands clenched and her eyes flashing. "If I could think that his treachery went

beyond the baseness of chesting my father of his money for the money's sake, I would take his life for that dear life as freely and as unhesitatingly as I lift my hand up

She raised her cleached hand towards the ceiling as she spoke, as if to register some unuttered vow. Then turning abruptly to the scene-painter, she said, almost implo-

"It can't be, Richard; he cannot have been so base as that. He held my hand in his only a few days ago. I would cut off that hand if I could think that Launcelot Darreil had planned my father's death."

"But you cannot think it, my dear Ries. nor," Richard answered, earnestly. "How should the young man know that your father would take his loss so deeply to heart? We none of us calculate the consequences of our sins, my dear. If this man chested, he cheated because he wanted money. For Heaven's sake, Nelly, leave him and his sin in the hands of Providence. The future is not a blank sheet of paper, Nelly, for us to write any story we please upon; but a wonderful chart mapped out by a divine and unerring hand. Launcelot Darrell will not go unpunished, Nelly. 'My faith is strong go unpunished, Nelly. 'My faith is serong in Time,' as the poet says. Leave the young man to Time-and to Providence."

Eleanor Vane shook her head, smiling bliterly at her friend's philosophy. Poor mad Constance's reply always rose, in some shape or other, to the girl's lips in answer to Richard's arguments. The Cardinal res-sons with wonderful discretion, but the bereaved mother utters one sentence that is nore powerful than all the worthy man's

"He talks to me, that never had a son !" "It is no use preaching to me," Miss Vane said. "If your father had died by this man's treachery, you would not feel so charitably disposed towards him. I will keep the promise made three years ago. I will prove Launcelot Darrell's guilt; and that guilt shall stand between him and Maurice de Crespigny's fortune."

"You forget one point in this business Eleanor."

"What point?"

" It may take you a very long time to ob tain the proof you want. Mr. de Crespigny is an old man, and an invalid. He may di before you are in a position to denounce his nephew's treachery to your poor father.' Eleanor was silent for a few momenta

Her arched brows contracted, and her nouth grew compressed and rigid.

"I must go back to Hazlewood, Dick," ahe faid, slowly. "Yes, you are right; there is no time to be lost. I must go back to Hazlewood." That is not very practicable, is it, Nell?"

"I must go back. If I go in some dis-guise—if I go and hide myself in the village, and watch Launcelot Darrell when he least thinks he is observed. I don't care how I go, Richard, but I must be there. in the present, that I shall be able to trace my way back to the history of the past. I must go there."

"And begin at once upon the business of a detective? Eleanor, you shall not do this, if I can prevent you."

Richard Thornton's unavowed love gave him a certain degree of authority over the impulsive girl. There is always a dignity and power in every feeling that is really true. Throughout the story of Notre Dame de Paris, the hunchback's love for Esmeralda is never once contemptible. It is only Phœbus, handsome, glittering, false, and hollow, who provokes our scorn.

Eleanor Vane did not rebel against the young man's tone of authority.

"Oh, Dick, Dick," she cried, piteously, "I know how wicked I am. I have been nothing but a trouble to you and the dear Bignora. But I cannot forget my father's death. I cannot forget the letter he wrote to me. I must be true to the vow I made then, Richard, if I sacrifice my life in keeping my word."

Eliza Picirillo came in before the scenepainter could reply to this speech. It had been agreed between the two young people that the Signora should know nothing of Miss Vane's discoveries; so Eleanor and Richard saluted the music-mistress in that strain of factitious gayety generally adopted under such circumsta

Signora Picirillo's perceptions were per-

the room preparing the tea table and making the tea, the good music-mistress fully believed in her protegee's simulated liveli-ness. When the table had been cleared, and Richard had gone to smoke his short meer schaum among the damp straw and invalid cabe in the promenade before the Pilasters, Eleanor seated herself at the plane and practised. Her fingers flew over the keys in a thousand complexities of harmony, but her mind, for ever true to one idea, brooded upon the dark scheme of vengeance which she had planned for herself.

"Come what may," she thought, again and again, "at any price I must go back to Hazlewood."

> CHAPTER XXIV. THE ONE CHANCE.

Eleanor Vane lay awake through the greater part of the night which succeeded her interview with the shipbroker. She lay awake, trying to fashion for herself some scheme by which she might go back to Hazlewood. The discovery which she had to make, the proof positive that she wanted to obtain of Launcelot Darrell's guilt, could lot Darrell's guilt, could only be procured by long and patient watch-fulness of the young man himself. The evidence that was to condemn him must ome from his own lips. Some chance adclue that would guide her back to the secret of the past. But to obtain this clue she nust be in intimate association with the man whom she suspected. In the careless confidence of daily life, in the freedom of social intercourse a hundred chances might occur which could never be brought about while the gates of Hazlewood were closed upon her.

There was one other chance, it was true. auncelot Darrell had asked her to become his wife. His love, however feeble to withstand the wear and tear of time, must for the moment, at least, be real. A line from her would no doubt bring him to her side She could lure him on by affecting to return his affection, and in the entire confidence of meh an association she might discover.

No! not for the wide world-not even be true to her dead father-could she be so false to every sentiment of womanly honor. "Richard was right," she thought, as she

lismissed this idea with a humilisting sense of her own beseness in having even for one brief moment entertained it. "He was right. What shame and degradation I must wade through before I can keep my pro-

And to keep her promise she must go back to Hazlewood. This was the point to which she always returned. But was it possible for her to regain her old position in Mrs. Darrell's house? Would not Mrs. Darrell take care to keep her away, having once succeeded in basishing her from Launcelot's

Miss Vane was not a good schemer. Transparent, ingenuous, and impulsive, she had the will and the courage which would have prompted her to denounce Launcelo Darrell as a traitor and a cheat; but not the slow and patient attributes which are neces sary for the watcher who hopes to trace shameful secret through all the dark intri cacles of the hidden pathway that leads

It was long after daylight when the young lady fell asleep, worn out, haraseed, and baffled. The night had brought no counsel. Eleanor Vane dropped off into a fitful slumber, with a passionate prayer upon her lips,a prayer that Providence would set her in the way of bringing vengeance upon her father's destroyer.

She flung herself upon Providence-after the manner of a great many persons-when she found her own intellect powerless to conduct her to the end she wanted to gain.

Throughout the next day Miss alone on the chintz covered sofa by the window, looking down at the children playing hop-scotch and gambling for marbles upon the rugged flags below; "weary of the rolling hours," and unable to bring herself to the frame of mind necessary for the ordinary purposes of life. Upon any other occasion she would have tried to do something whereby she might lighten the Signora's burden, being quite competent to take the pupils off her friend's hands; but to-day she had suffered Eliza Picirillo to trudge out under the broiling August sky, through the stifling London streets, and had made no attempt to lessen her labora. She seemed even incapable of performing the little domestic offices which she had been in the habit of doing. She let the London dust accumulate upon the piano; she left the breakfast-table scattered with the debris of the morning's meal; she made no effort to collect the stray sheets of music, the open books, the scraps of needlework that littered the room; but with her elbow on the smoky siil of the window, and her head resting on her hand, she sat, looking wearily out, with eyes that saw nothing but vacancy.

Richard had gone out early, and neither he nor his aunt were expected to return till

"I can have everything ready for them when they come back," she thought, looking listlessly at the unwashed tea-things, which seemed to stare at her in mute reproachfulthe sunny window, and her mind reta

ecepied it.

Had she been really looking at the objection on which her eyes seemed to be fixed, she must have been surprised by the advent of a tall and rather distinguished looking stranger, who made his way along the strawlittered promenade between the colonnade and the stables, arraing the chalk plans of the hop-scotch players with the soles of his boots, and rendering himself otherwise ob-jectionable to the javenile population.

This stranger came straight to the shop of the shoemaker with whom Signora Pictrillo lodged, and inquired for Miss Vincent.

The shoemaker had only heard Eleanor's

hoemaker had only heard Eleanor ssumed name a day or two before, when letter had arrived at the Pilasters He had a vague idea that the bes golden-haired young woman, who had first entered his dwelling in the early freshness of budding girlbood, was going to distinguis erself as a great musical genius, and in-ended to astonish the professional world

"It's Mies Eleanor you want, I suppose sir?" the man said, in answer to the stranger's question.
" Miss Eleanor—yes."

"Then, if you'll please to step up-stairs, sir. The young lady's all alone to-day, for Mr. Richard he's over the water a scene-paintin' away for dear life, and the B'nora she's out givin' lessons; so poor young miss is alone, and dismal enough she must be, cooped in-doors this fine weather. It's bad enough when one's obliged to it you know, sir," the man added, rather obscurely "Will you please to walk up, sir? It's the door facing you at the top of the stairs." The shoemaker opened a half-glass door communicating with a tiny back parior and

steep staircase that twisted corkscrew-wise up to the first floor. The visitor waited for no further invitation, but ascended the stairs in a few strides, and paused for a moment before the door of Signors Picirillo's sitting-

"He's one of these here London man gers, I dessay," thought the simple cord-wainer, as he went back to his work. "Mr. Oromshaw come here one day after Mr. Richard, in a pheeston and pair, and so end of diamond rings and breastpins."

Eleanor Vane had not noticed the stran ger's footsteps on the uncarpeted stair, but she started when the door opened, and look ed round. Her unexpected visitor was Mr.

She rose in confusion, and stood with her back to the window, looking at the lawyer. She was too much absorbed by her one ide to be troubled by the untidiness of the shabby chamber, by the disorder of her own hair o dress, or by any of those external circum stances which are generally so embarrassin to a woman. She only thought of Gilber Monckton as a link between herself and Hazlewood. She did not even wonder why he had come to see her,

"I may find out something; I may learn omething from him," she thought. Against the great purpose of her life, even this man, who of all others she most respected and esteemed, sank into utter insignificance. She never cared to consider what he might think. She only regarded him as an instrument which might happen to be of use to her.

"You are very much surprised to see me, Miss Vincent," the lawyer said, holding out

The girl put her hand loosely in his, and Gilbert Monckton started as be felt the feverish best of the slim fingers that touched his so lightly. He looked into Eleanor's face. The intense excitement of the last

Mrs. Darrell had made a confident of the lawyer. It had been absolutely necessary to explain Eleanor's absence. Mrs. Darrell had given her own version of the business. telling the truth, with sundry reservations. ent was a handsome s girl, she said; it was of vital consequence attachment, or entertain any passing fancy, that might militate against his future prospects. An imprudent marriage had separated her, Mrs. Darrell, from her uncle. Mau rice de Crespigny. An imprudent marriage might ruin the young man's chance of inheriting the Woodlands estate. Under these circumstances it was advisable that Miss Vincent should leave Haziewood: and the young lady had very generously resigned her situation, upon the matter being put before her in a proper light.

Mrs. Darrell took very good care not to make any allosion to that declaration of love which she had overheard through the halfopen door of her son's painting-room.

Mr Monckton had expressed no little ward's companion; but his annovance was of course felt solely on account of Miss Mason, who told him, with her eyes stream ing, and her voice broken by sobs, that she could never, never be happy without her you not?" darling Eleanor. .

The lawyer said very little in reply to these lamentations, but took care to get Miss | hand?" Vincent's address from his ward, and on the day after his visit to Hazlewood went straight from his office to the Pilasters.

Looking at the change in Eleanor Vane's face, Mr. Monckton began to wonder very

whether it might not be that Mrs. Darrell's alarms about her son's possible admir-for the penniless companion were fou-on stronger grounds than the widow cared to reveal to him.

"I was afraid that Laura's frivolous fancy might be caught by this young fellow," he thought, "but I could never have believed that this girl, who has ten times Learn's intellect, would fall in love with Le

He thought this, while Elesnor's few

hand lay, loose and passive, in his own.
"It was not quite kind of you to leave.
Haziewood without seeing me, or ossessiting Hazlewood without seeing me, or consulting me, Miss Vircent," he said; "you must re nember that I confided to you a trust." "A trust ["

"Yes. You promised that you we looksafter my feelish young ward, and take care that she did not fall in love with Mr.

Mr. Monekion watched the girl's fee very closely while he pronounced Launcelo Darrell's name, but there was no revalation Datrall's name, but there was no seval in that pale and wearied countenance.

"No, I suppose not," said Mr. Monckton, rather bitterly, "women are not easily to be influenced in these matters. A woman's love is the sublimation of selfishness, Missiove is the sublimation of selfishness, Missiove Vincent. It is delightful to a woman to throw herself away; and she is perfectly indifferent as to how many unoffending vic-tions she drags to destruction in her down-fall. An Indian woman sacrifices herself out of respect to her dead husband. An English woman offers up her husband and children on the altar of a living lover. Pardon me if I speak too plainly. become acquainted with strange stories. I should not at all wonder if my ward were to insist upon making herself miserable for life because Launcelot Darrell has a Gracian

Mr. Monckton seated himself, uninvited by the table on which the unwashed teathings bore testimonies to Eleanor's neglect. He looked round the room, not rudely, for in one brief observant glance he was able to see everything, and to understand every-

"Have you ever lived here, Miss Vin ent?" he seked.

"Yes, I lived here a year and a half be fore I went to Hazlewood. I was very hap-py," Eleanor added, hastily, as if in deprecation of the lawyer's look, which betrayed a half-compassionate interest. " My friends are very good to me, and I never wish for a better home."

"But you have been accustomed to a bet ter home, in your childhood?"

"No, not very much better. I always lived in lodgings, with my poor father."

"Your father was not rich then !" "No. not at all rich."

"He was a professional man, I sup-" No, he, had no profession. He had been

rich-very rich-once,"

The color rose to Eleanor's face as she spoke, for she suddenly recollected that she had a secret to keep. The lawyer might recognize George Vane by this description,

she thought. Gilbert Monckton funcied that sudden blush arose from wounded pride.

"Forgive me for asking you so many questions, Miss Vincent," he said gently. I am very much interested in you. I have been very much interested in you for a long

He was silent for some minutes. Eleanor sat in a thoughtful attitude, with her eyes to Launcelot that he should not form any cast upon the ground. She was wondering how she was to make good use of this interview in discovering as much as possible of Launcelot Darrell's antecedents.

"Will you forgive me if I ask you a few more questions, Miss Vincent?" the lawyer asked, after this brief silence.

Eleanor raised her eyes, and looked him full in the face. That bright, straight, unfaltering gaze was perhaps the greatest charm which Miss Vane possessed. She had no reason to complain that Nature had gifted her with a niggardly hand; she had beauty of feature, of outline, of color; but this exquisitely candid expression was a rarer beauty, and a higher gift.

"Believe me." said Mr. Monckton, "that I am actuated by no unworthy motive when vexation at the sudden departure of his I ask you to deal frankly with me. You will understand, by-and-by, why and by what right I presume to question you. In the that" meantime I ask you to confide in me. You left Hazlewood at Mrs. Darrell's wish, did say that my trouble-like every other

"Yes, it was at her wish that I left." "Her son had made you an offer of his

haps a little blunted by the wear and tear | ness; and then her eyes wandered back to had been a matter of great grief to her; and lover, or an admirer, had been blotted out of become so hackneyed that I have no need

by the directions of this guilty on the unser apart from other women by the persons ful purpose in her broad.

"Yes," she said. "Mr. Dussell mind on

to be his wife,"

"No; I gave him so uno "You did not love him th

And did you all you palme h

in that pale and wearied countenance. The gray eyes returned his gaze, freshly and unhesitatingly. Their brightness was fided, but their innocent candor remained in all its virginal beauty."

"I tried to do what you wished," Miss Vane answered. "I am afraid that Lauradoes admire Mr. Darrell. But I can't quite understand whether she is serious or not, and in any case nothing I could say would influence her much, though I know she influence her much, though I know she Eleanor was cruelly embarrassed by this

have left Haslewood?"

Eleanor was cruelly embarrassed by this question. Her most carnest with was to resure to Hazlewood, or at least to the neighborhood. Absorbed by this wish she had formed no scheme for the future. She had not even remembered that she stood alone in the world, with only a few pounds on out of her slender salary, unprovid that which is the most necessary weapons in any warfare, Money !

"I—I scarcely know what I shall do," she

said, "Mrs. Darrell promised to procure me a situation.

But as she spoke she remembered that to accept a situation of Mrs. Darrell's getting would be in some manner to est bread provided by the kinswoman of her father and she made a mental yow to starve rather than to receive the widow's patronage.

"I do not put much confidence in Mrs. Darrell's friendship when her own end is gained," Gilbert Monckton said thoughtful-"Elien Darrell is only capable of loving one person, and that person is, according to the fashion of the world, the one who has used her worst. She loves her son, Launce-loi, and would sacrifice a hecatomb of her fellow-creatures for his advantage. If she can get you a new home, I dare say she will do so. If she cannot, she has succeeded in removing you from her son's pathway, and will trouble herself very little about your

Eleanor Vane lifted her head with a sadden gesture of pride.

"I do not want Mrs. Darrell's help," she

"But you would not refuse the counsel, or even the help of any one you liked, would you, Eleanor?" returned the lawyer. "You are very young, very inexperienced—the life at Hazlewood suited you, and it might have gone on for years without danger of unhappiness or disquiet, but for the coming of Launcelot Darrell. I have known you for a year and a half, Miss Vincent, and I have watched you very closely. I think I know you very well. Yes, if a lawyer's powers of peneration and habit of observation are to go for anything, I must know you by this time. I may have been an egregious fool twenty years ago; but I must be wise enough now to understand a girl of eigh-

He said this rather as if reasoning with himself than talking to Eleanor. Miss Vane looked at him, wondering what all this talk would lead to, and what motive, under heaven, could have induced a lawyer of high of the business day, for the purpose of aitting in a shabby lodging-house chamber, with his elbow resting upon a dirty tablecloth amid the confusion of unwashed breakfast cups and saucers.

"Eleanor Vincent," Mr. Monckton said by-and-by, after a very long pause, " country people are most intolerable gossipa. You cannot have lived at Hazlewood for a year and a balf without having heard something of my history."

" Your history ?"

"Yes, you heard that there was some secret trouble in the early part of my lifethat there were some unpleasant circumstances connected with my purchase of Tolldale."

Eleanor Vane was utterly unskilled in the art of prevarication. She could not give an evasive answer to a straight question. "Yes," she said, "I have heard people say

"And you have no doubt heard them

trouble upon this earth, as it seems to mewas caused by a woman." " Yes, I heard that,"

"I was very young when that sorrow The question would have brought a blush came to me, Eleanor Vincent, and very to the face of an ordinary girl. But Eleanor ready to believe in a beautiful face. I was Vane was removed from ordinary women deceived. My story is all told in those three by the exceptional story of her life. From words, and it is a very old story after all. the moment of her discovery of Launcelot Great tragedies and epic poems have been seriously if the departure from Hazlewood Darrell's identity, all thoughts of him as a written upon the same theme until it has

iness of my life has quite gone yet, ty years ago I was in love, and in the arder and freshness of my youth, I dare say I talked a great deal of noncense. I am in love once more, Eleanor. Will you forgive me if all my faculty for evatimental talk is of all my faculty for continental talk is a? Will you let me tell you, in very few d simple words, that I love you; that I and simple words, that I love you have loved you for a very long time; and have loved you for a very long time;

If you can think my earnest devotion worthy of some return ?" Every vestige of color faded slowly from Eleanor's face. There had been a time solve the return of Launcelot Darrellwhen a word of praise, an expression of frieedliness or regard from Gilbert Monckhad been very precious to her. She never taken the trouble to analyze her feelings. That time, before the coming of the young man, had been the sunniest and m period of her youth. She had luring that interval been false to the of her father-she had suffered mory of her father—and a gulf yawned could not look back clearly; she could er or recall her former feelings Gibert Monckton's offer might then have awakened some answering sentiment in her own breast. Now his hand struck upon the kened chords of a shattered instruc and there was no music to respond has lously to the player's touch.

"Can you love me, Eleanor? Can you love me?" the lawyer asked, imploringly, taking the girl's hands in his own. "Your heart is free; yes, I know that; and that at hing. Heaven forgive me if try to bribe you. But my youth is passed and I can scarcely expect to be loved for myself alone. Think how dreary and un-defended your life must be, if you refuse my love and protection. Think of that, Eleanor Ah! if you know what a woman is who thrown upon the world without the shelter of a husband's love, you would think seriously. I want you to be more than my Eleanor. I want you to be the guardian and protectress of that poor frivolous girl whose future has been trusted to my care. I want you to come and live at Tolldale, my darling, so as to be near that poor child at Hasiewood."

Near Hagiewood! The hot blood rushed into Eleanor's face at the sound of those two words, then faded suddenly away and left her deadly white, trembling and clinging to the back of her chair for support. To all else that Gilbert Monckton had said she had listened in a dull stupor. But now her arose and grasped the full importance of the lawyer's supplication. In a moment she understood that the one chance which of all other things upon this earth she had most desired, and which of all other things had seemed furthest removed from her, was now within her reach.

She might go back to Hazlewood. She might return as Gilbert Monckton's wife. She did not stop to consider how much was involved in this. It was her nature to be ruled by impulse, and impulse only; and she had yet to learn submission to a better guidance. She could go back to Haziewood. She would have returned there as a kitchen maid, had the opportunity of so doing offered itself to her; and she was ready to return as Gilbert Monckton's wife.

"My prayers have been heard," sh "My prayers have been heard Providence will give me power to keep my nise. Providence will set me face to fac with that man."

Eleanor Vane stood with her hands clasp

ed upon the back of her chair, thinking of this, and looking straight before her, in utter puspess of the earnest eyes that waited breathiesnly to hear her decision

" Eleanor," he cried, entreatingly, " Eleanor, I have been deceived once; do not let me be a woman's dupe, now that there are streaks of gray among my bair. I love you, my dear. I can make you independent and secure; but I do not offer you a fortune or a position of sufficient magnitude or granur to tempt an ambitious woman. For God's sake, do not trifle with me. If you love me now, or can hope to love me in the future, be my wife. But if any other image holds the smallest place in your heart-if there is one memory, or one regret, that can se between us, Eleanor, dismiss me from stingly. It will be merciful to to you also, perhaps—to do so. I have on in which there was love on one side, and indifference-or something worse ce-upon the other. Eleanor, think of all this, and then tell me, frankly, if you can after all be my wife."

manor Vane dimly comprehended that there was a depth of passionate feeling beseath the quiet earnestness of the lawyer's ser. She tried to listen, she tried to nd; but she could not. The one ides which held possession of her mind, hept that mind locked against every other sion. It was not his love, it was not es, or his fortune, that Gilbert Monck-

ft. I will go back to Hazlewood." held out her hand to him. No trace last battles fought."

The college upon R. I was deceived, Missi of womanly confusion, or natural coquatry, betraped itself in her manner. Pale and fined by that hitter issues. Heaven help me absorbed she held out her hand, and offered up her future as a small and unconsidered years of aga, but I do not think that the life—the promise to her dead father.

(TO BE COSTINUED.)

The Gold Watch: OR. THE REBUKED WIFE.

Troublous times test principles. Perha that is one reason why they are permitted nay more, appointed to be a part of our life portion here below—our discipline for eler nity; and when we note our failures before the lesser trials, how does it quicken us to look to the Strong for help against the trials of the cloudy and dark day! "For if we have run with the footmen, and they have wearled us, how shall we contend with the reemen!" A family named Pmuch respected, not merely for their wealth and station, but for their moral worth and enevolence, lived in the south of Ireland many years ago. They were connected sistently with their principles of peace and nonresistance, up to the trying days of '98. Then, however, many who were not poitically obnoxious to the times were made prey of on account of their property, at least the portable part of it, such as money, plate, and jewels; and among these victims were -'a. Their peaceable habitation had been long doomed to a nocturnal visit, and was at length broken into and spoiled, without any active resistance from the proprietors. Probably from tampering with the domestic servants, the robbers were fully aware of the whole amount of valuables they had to expect, and were about to depart with their booty, when one of the party said to Mrs. P .-watch." She had slipped it into her bosom on the attack, so she replied quietly, "No, I have not." Her husband was standing by, and, when he heard her denial, he turned on her such a look and such a reproof she had never met before from him .-"Mary," he said, "I am ashamed of thee Wouldn't thou then barter thy peace, by an untruth, for the sake of thy gold watch ?"-The rebuked wife stood abashed before bet husband; and taking her watch from her bosom, handed it over to the robber. Some time afterwards Mr. P-was sent for to the county town on an unexpected errand; the party of robbers had been arrested for another robbery, and Mr. Pfor to identify his property, every article of which was returned to him safely. In jail, suspicion first rested on the leader of the gang, from Mrs. P----'s watch having her initials. The restoration of the warch was an additional reproof to Mrs. Pwho felt that her husband's truthfulness had been, as it were, thus rewarded. To our young readers this is a suggestive anec

" Oh! 'tis a lovely thing for youth, To walk betimes in wisdom's way ; To fear a lie; to speak the truth ! That we may trust to all they say."

A downess'er sold another man norse for a certain number of sheep, to be delivered such a day. They came promptly, but to the purchaser's astonishment, all nicely sheared! It was a cool transaction, specially for the sheep.

The times are so hard I can hardly namege to keep my head above water," said husband the other night to his wife, who was importuning him for a new dress. 'No," she replied, with some asperity, "but you can keep it above brandy and water

sence viewer and field-driver, announces that although he is somewhat afraid of horned cattle he is great on the fence. Any of his constituents who wish any viewing done, are invited to bring their fences to his office.

One of the most valuable veins of pe troleum yet discovered was lately struck in Venango county, Pennsylvania. The well commenced flowing on Saturday last, the oil spouting up to a height of fifty feet, with a roar like a hurricane, and escaping at the rate of two thousand barrels per day. A stop cock was got on after much trouble, and the flow can now be regulated to suit the demand. Another flowing well in the vicinity was so affected by the opening of the new well that its yield decreased over three hundred barrels per day. The new well, which is about four hundred and fifty feet deen, was at last accounts flowing steadily at the rate of twelve hundred barrels a day. This, even at the moderate prices now ruling at the wells, would yield the owners \$3,600 per

The London Quarterly remarks on the great use made of bigamy as an incident of the sensation povels of the day. Of the twenty-four novals placed at the head of its article for review, it says no less than eight are "bigamy stories." Is there so much romance, then, in the passion of men and women for more connubial bliss than the law

The Charleston Courier says that "Stonewall Jackson had a strong presentiment that he would be killed before the war "You are very good," she said. "I will was brought to a close, and that the event would take place in the last or one of the

NO PLACE FOR THE BOYS.

Does it not seem as if in some ho is actually no piece for the boys? We do not mean the little boys—there is always om for them; they are petted and caress ed: there is a place for them on papa's knee and at mamma's footstool, if not in her arms; there are loving words, and many, often too many, indulgences. But the class we speak of now are the school-boys, great olsy romping fellows, who tread on your free, and upset your work basket, and tand in your light, and whistle, and drum, and shout, and sak questions, and con tradict.

So what is to be done with them? De they not want to be loved and cherisl now as dearly as they were in that well re embered time when they were the little nes, and were indulged, petted and caress ed? But they are so noisy, and they wear out the carpet with their thick boots, and it is so quiet when they are gone, say the tired mother, and the fastidious sister, and the nervous aunt; "anything for peace sake;" so away go the boys to "loaf" on street corners, and listen to the profane and coarse language of wicked men, or to the railroad station, or to the wharves, or to the common places of rendezvous of those who have nothing to do or no piace to stay. We protest against the usages of those where the boys are driven out because their ence is unwelcome, and they are scolded when they come in, or checked, hushed and restrained at every outburst of merri

Mrs. Barton has four boys between the

intelligent lads. Their father is in his sto until late in the evening, very often, and the boys are mostly under their mother's train When they choose to play out after school, they do so, but within certain limits When they choose to stay in, they are made heartily welcome. There is no scolding about the thick boots making a noise of wearing out the carpet, for from the earliest days the law of the house has enforced the putting off the boots and the putting on of the slippers when they come in. There are books for those who choose to read, and games for those who choose to play-light and warmth and pleasant words, sympathy for all, and caresses for those who love paresses, and companionship and conversa tion for the elder ones who begin to be com panionable, and discuss the questions of the Who believes that the sons of such a family will be willingly enticed into haunts of wickedness, or easily alienated from the

If Mrs. Gray, who calls vacation resulto and doesn't see what it is for, and who when her children come in after school, ex claims, "There, go out, and don't let me see one of you in here again till supper time," should consider for a moment that she is making home but a alceping-place and eating-place for her children, and preparing the way for future mortification, and sorrow, she would perhaps consider before it is too late. A remark of one of her children might enlighten her:

Mother doesn't love us a bit. She loves Willie, though, because he's the baby." " But she won't when he is as old as we

are," says Charlie; "she'll drive him out then, just as she does us."

Yet Mrs. Gray does love her children dearly. If any one doubts it, let him strike or injure one of them; or instead, let him look into the family sitting-room at eleven o'clock on a Saturday night, and see the tired form as she bends to the basket of stockings, or folds neatly the mended garnents, and brushes carefully the Sunday suits. So much for the body; but how with the impressible young hearts? She makes them learn the Sunday school lessons, and gives them all a New Year's present of a Bible, and then turns them into the street. God pity the boys for whom there is no place in the house! If they escape contamination and vice, it is of His mercy who suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice, and who called little children unto him and blessed them.

The parents may do well who carefully lay up money for their children, educate them at school, and set them up in business but they do infinitely better who never suffer the love that warmed the cradle-aide to grow cold, who lay aside their own comfort and convenience to make home attractive to their sons, and send them out to fight the battle of life, armed with the panoply of arm principles, and warmed and invigorsted by the cherishing love whose vigils began at the cradle and will end only at the grave .- Mother's Magazine.

THE TWO B'S. Says the Battery to the Bayonet, With derisive irony, "Slimmest of all the blades I've met, Do you think you can carry me " Says the Bayonet to the Battery, Square up with your elbow-joint, And you'll find that however slim I be, I always carry my point! - Vanity Flair.

The celebrated John Foster thus deeribes a bigot: "He sees religion, not as a sphere, but a fine; and it is a line in which he is moving. He is like an African buffalo -sees right forward, but nothing to the right nor left. He would not perceive a legion of angels or devils at the distance of ten yards on the one side or the other."

A WIDOW'S GENTLEMAN-VICTIM.

A London paper gives the following af-

ecting particulars of a sad affair:—
"A tall, aristocratic-looking, hanman, with moustache-shaded lip, and very glossy, luxuriant hair, but who had a very weak voice, made an affecting applica tion to the Clerkenwell-police magistrate on Saturday. He said he had been victim ized by a young and designing widow. He had met her at a friend's house, and she being 'young, fair, handsome, with large oval eyes and slender white hands,' he had at last fallen in love with her. He took an early opportunity to declare his love, and, he was sorry to say, was accepted. He purchased for her several presents, lent her money, and at her request also purchased several articles of furniture, which he gave to her; and he had even gone so far as to pay the money for putting up the banns. A to her in a kind manner about the necessity of her prohibiting the frequent visits of male cousin, on which she became very excited, said she loved the little finger of her cousin better than she did the whole of his (applicant's) person, and ordered him to leave the house, and never let her see him any more. Since then she would not see him, and had married her cousin; and, what made the matter worse, when he had applied for his articles of furniture to be given back to him, she declined to see him, but sent a message to say that if he annoyed her, her husband would give him a sound thrashing. He wanted to know if he could not compel her to let him have his presents back, and whether he could not compel her o repay him the money he had lent her.-The magistrate said he could not compe her to give him back his presents, and if he wanted his money, he had better sue the husband in the County Court. The applicant, who seemed very chop fallen, then oft the court."

Sea the wives of flahermen, whose husbands have gone far off upon the deep, are in the habit at eventide of going down to the seashore, and singing, as female voices only can. the first stanza of a beautiful hymn; after they have sung it they listen, till they hear borne by the wind across the desert sea the second tanza, sung by their gallant husbands as they are tossed by the gale upon the waves, and both are happy. Perhaps if we could listen, we too might hear on this desert world of ours some sound, some whisper orne from afar, to remind us that there is a heaven and a home, and when we sing the hymn upon the shores of earth, perhaps we hall hear its echo breaking in music upon the sands of time, and cheering the hearts of them that are pilgrims and strangers, and look for a city that hath foundations.-Dr. John Cummings.

"DRUNKENNESS IN ARMING". Drunkenness has been, the world over, the cane of the military service. Among the acknowledged causes of the failure of the English in the Crimea was the general prevalence of intoxication among the officers. Mr. Russell tells us that life in the camp was little else than a continuous orgie, and that colonels, and even generals, went to battle in a condition of such beastly insbriation that they could hardly sit on their

GRAMMAR VS. LITERATURE.-The uthor of A System of English Grammar is reported as having computed the grammatical errors in Hallam's Literature of Europe to be about 500, and in Alison's History of Europe about three times as many. Alas! for our literature and for the temerity of these luckless authors who had no wholesome fear of Lindley Murray before their eyes.

and obscure; so, often, the elements that move and mould society are the result of the sister's counsel and the mother's prayer .-

REFLECTION BY A POULTERER.-It is a fact creditable to barn-yard nature, that, while curses come home to roost, roosters never come home to curse. Gen. Elwell, who succeeds Stonewall

Jackson, has but one leg, and is strapped on his horse while on the field.

A DEAD-HEAD.-Last Sunday, in an eastern village, when the plate was being passed in church, a newly-appointed editor aid to the collector-" Go on; I'm a deadhead-I've got a pass."

The lap dog of the Empress Eugenie is thus described: "Her hair is fully eight inches long, and of snowy whiteness and silky fineness. The body is very small, as is also the head, but the tail appears an enormous fleece, and the ears of proportionate size. Coquette lives in a glass house, on the floor of which is a Persian carpet. She lies upon a cushion covered with crimson silk, and seems a very dainty being. Her food and the water which she drinks are placed in a corner of the aforesaid glass house on a porcelain plate and in a silver cup which she won for her late proprietor.

A French gentleman, who had heard rum called spirits, went into one of our hotels a few evenings since, and called for a glass of punch, requesting at the same time | it had no effect-" Perhaps," said the imperthat it should be made with "phosts from the West Indies."

Beaths from Fire in England.

In his last published Report, the Regis trar-General puts forth 3 startling statemen on the mortality that takes place in England from fire. It appears that in fourteen years (1848-1861) nearly forty thousand person were burned to death-that is, died in consequence of burns or scalds-in this country. This is at the rate of eight deaths a day from fire! What an outcry would be raised if the Times' correspondent in India re ported eight suttess every day, or if news came from Fiji that eight youths were reasted from time to time, to satisfy the de mand for "long pig." But, as this destruc tion occurs at home, and not thousands of miles away, it serves to supply sensation paragraphs, and is then forgotten. On ex-amination of the Report, we find that of the leaths therein recorded for the fourteen years, 15,631 were of children under four years of age; that 6,255 girls and 3,750 boys perished between the ages of five and fifteen and 2,123 old women. Age and infancy alike fall victims to this terrible scourge; and yet, on calm reflection, it is impossible to resis the conviction that the greater part of this cruel loss of life is preventable. If every fireplace were protected by a guard, chil-dren could not pull down kettles of boiling water, or amuse themselves with lighted ticks or paper; neither could muslin dresses, however thin, or however much expanded by crinoline, come into con tact with the grate. The means of pre vention is so simple, so cheap, and so effectual, that it would seem as if all who neglect it must be chargeable with great carelessness or culpability; and as the Registrar says :- "Private houses should all be provided on each floor of the sleeping spartments with the means of escape, in the event of the lower apartments taking fire during the night; especial provision to be made for women and children."

AN ENGLISH OFFICER'S OPINION OF OUR CHANCES.

"If the North cannot resolve to form imited regular army, shoot for desertion and disobedience, and flog for plunder and skulking, they had better offer some endurable peace, based on independence East of the Mississippi, and then if that is rejected, trust solely to their endurance .-They are showing some of the qualities most essential to a race which claims empire-courage, tenacity and lightness of neart, amid disasters under which a really nercurial race like the French would long ago have submitted to fate. But neither ourage nor doggedness, nor even cheerfu trust, will make one inch iron plates clamp ed together impervious to Whitworth guns or turn an unwieldy horde of armed men into a working army, like that with which Wellington invaded France. They are fighting a race as able as themselves, full of inventiveness and capacity, armed all the strength of enthusiasm and all the terrible pride of race, and they must obey the laws of science, or sacrifice themselves to the vain theory that because a man's object is good fire will cease to burn him."

HOW THE POLISH INSURGENTS LOOK.

A letter from Poland describes the uniform of the Polish insurgents as follows:-They wear a close-fitting coat called a gunke, quite plain, without either buttons or frogs, and made of coarse brown cloth, gray trowsers, a wide leather belt, a square cap, amaranth turned up with black. They carry a double-barreled gun slung over the ulders, a revolver stuck in the belt, and small bag for bread, &c. The cavalry are dessed in the same manner, and arm ed with lances bearing the Polish colors red and white. The flags of the insurgent have on one side the white eagle of Poland and the white horse of Lithuania; on the other the portrait of Our Lady of Czentochan, with the legend, 'For our liberty and yours."

LITERARY HACKS.-In a London paper an agent advertises that he can introduce to the proprietors of newspapers and periodicals, and to publishers, "without deay or expense, editors, sub-editors, talented writers on political, literary, scientific and art subjects, translators, literary hacks, reporters, and readers." There are such unfortunates as literary backs; but who would like to be openly engaged as such ?- American Publishers' Circular.

The Richmond papers have a story that when our troops left Fredericksburg, an officer was discovered detached from his party by Miss Philippa Barbour and other ladies. They commanded him to halt, but as he ran away they gave chase, and he was so tickled by the idea that his strength was exhausted by laughing, so that he could run no further, and was cornered in a garden and captured by the malicious damsels

Tis never for their wisdom one loves the wisest, or for their wit that one loves the wittlest; 'tis for benevolence and virtue and honest fondness; one loves people; the other qualities make one proud of loving them too. -Mrs. Thrale.

MADAGASCAR RAT EXTERMINATOR. A peddler had distributed a large quantity in a neighborhood, and yet the vermin were as alive and active as ever. On being told that turbable peddler, "yours may not be the

BY PATIENCE IN MILETON -A WIN mys that a now was cured of hal her milk by patiently milking until accessed to hold it, and by continuing the practice, she has become an easy, regular, and good cow.

LET A SPECIMEN OF THE "WHATES SEX."-There is a marvel of nature at this moment to be seen in Lyons, France. It is young Spanish girl, aged seventeen, called faria Perez, and she can lift up a weight of five she exhibited all the developme

The celebrated surgeon, Dr. Abern thy, used occasionally to pass a joke on the medical profession. Happening to get a fall when walking in the Strand, he felt speaks ed and stiff on rising. A gentleman p who assisted in helping him up, said to him

"Shall I call a doctor, sir!" "For Heren's sake do not," replied Abernethy).

that a lady, who was one of the player cemed rather unusually sober, rethat judging her by her looks, she must be playing a losing game. "What !" mid witty gentleman present, " must a lady al-

It is curious to see how much more anxious some people are to find fault with the government than with the rebels. To hear them talk one would imagine that 'our wayward sisters" were only indu "our wayward sisters" were only indulging in a little harmless escapade, while the gavernment was engaged in a grand communication acy for the overthrow of our liberties!

The head of an old man, like

A man named Tissier was re tried in Paris for stealing a metal spoon from the eating-house of Madam Brard. The President of the Tribunal, addressing the prisoner, said :- "You are accused of stealing a metal spoon." The Priso but I thought it was ailver!" [Laughter, Mdme. Brard-"C'est frank, au moins? that's frank at least.) Prisoner-" Seven francs ! (sept francs.) It was not worth se

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in nnouncing that their literary arrang the coming year are of a character to warm their thousands of readers. Among the butors to THE POST we may now mention the

MRS. HENRY WOOD. Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," " EAST LYNNR." "THE CHANNINGS." &c.

MARION HARLAND, Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN

PATE," "MIRIAM," &c.

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly dmired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. pecial Departments shall also be devoted accretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE. 1 copy, one year, .

4 copies, one year, getter-up of the club,) 20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)

A SPLENDID PREMIUM. WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE To any one sending thirty subscriptions \$60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they see for

\$45. The machine will be selected new at the nanufactory in New York, boxed, and forward ed free of cost, with the exception of freight. In procuring the subscribers for this Pro we of course prefer that the 30 subscribe

should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of \$2,00 for each subscribe. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers be procured at any of our club rates, and the person desiring the machine. The subset may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names the money as fast as obtained, so that the sul scribers may begin at once to receive the papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (5), and whole amount of money (\$60), is received. the machine will be duly forward

Sample copies of THE POST sent grafts

DEACON & PETERSON, No. 319 Walnut St., Phil

P. S .- Editors who give the above one tion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be extitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the

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Indian Remedy for Small Pox. BY DR. HERBERT MILES,

SCROBOR IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

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Early in the last winter, a small coasting ressel landed a portion of her crew at an obscure village a few miles from Halifax, N. S. These persons were sick with small pox, and the disease soon spread, first among the cottagers, with whom the fishermen mixed, and subsequently among those from the capital, who resorted to the village for the purpose of trade. Through the early weeks of spring rumor constantly asserted that vast numbers of the seafaring population were attacked with the complaint; but it was not until early in March, that the large Civil Hospital of Halifax, by the number of its admissions for variols, began to corroborate the rumor, and to authenticate the justice of public anxiety. The disease, in process of time, extended to the troops in the garrison. While certain portions of the inhabitants of Halifax were suffering from the epidemic, alarming accounts reached that place, relative to the terrible ravages of the scourge among the Indians and colored people generally. Variola is the special plague of the Indians, and when they are invaded by this pestilence, it sweeps them
off by scores.
On this occasion, the most painful details

were given of whole families being carried off by this loathsome disease. After some time, it was said, that the discase was stayed. One of the Indian race, it was asserted, had come into the disease-stricken camp, possessed of a preparation, which had the extraordinary power of curing the kind of cases which had hitherto proved so fatal. This remedy was believed by the Indians to be so efficacious, that if given to them when attacked with small pox, they looked forward with confidence to a speedy and effective cure. An old weird Indian woman was the fortunate possessor of the remedy in question. She had always been known as the Doctress of her tribe, and had enjoyed celebrity for many years in consequence of her reputed knowledge of medicine and wonderful acquaintance with the herbs and roots of the woods. So well established was her fame among the Indians, that when sick they resorted to her in preference to the white doctors, whom they considered to be "No good." Capt. Hardy, of the Royal Artillery, an accomplished and intelligent officer who has for years been among the Indians, says that "the old squaw's remedy had long been known to them as an infallible cure for small pox," and that "the Indians believe it to be successful in every case." From the information gathered from among the Indians, the following observations have been carefully sifted: 1. In the case of an individual suspected

to be under the influence of small pox, but with no distinct eruption upon him, a large wine glassful of an infusion of the root of the plant "Saracenia Purpurca," or pitcher plant, is to be taken. The effect of this dose is to bring out the eruption. After a second and third dose, given at intervals of from four to six hours, the pustules subside, apparently losing their vitality. The patient feels better at the end of each dose, and, in the graphic expression of the Micmac, knows there is a great change in him at

2. In a subject already covered with the eruption of small pox, in the early stage, a dose or two will dissipate the pustules and subdue the febrile symptoms. The urine, from being scanty and high-colored, becomes pale and abundant, while from the first dose, the patient's feelings assure him that "the medicine is killing the disease." Under the influence of the remedy, in three or four days the prominent symptoms of the constitutional disturbance subside, although

where the remedy is used, the people keep

where the remedy is used, the people keep a weak infusion of the plant prepared, and take a dose occasionally during the day, so as to "keep the antidote in the blood."—

Druggist's Circular.

Frederick W. Morris, M. D., resident physician of the Halifax Visiting Dispensary, in a letter sent to the editor of the American Medical Journal, says:

You have probably heard something of an extraordinary discovery for the cure of small pox, by the use of "Suracenia Purpurea" or Indian cap, [or pitcher plant] a native of Nova Scotia. I would beg you, however, to give full publicity to the astonishing fact, that this same humble bog plant is the remedy for small pox, in all its forms, in twelve hours after the patient has taken the medicine. It is also as curious, as it is wonderful, that however alarming and numerations.

Signature

**PLASTER is not inquired for, and dull at \$4 \$\text{purpurea}\$ to \$1\$ to \$0\$.

**RICE—About 500 bags Rangoon have been sold to come here at \$\frac{1}{2} \lambda (0.00)\$ and \$\text{pirm}\$, and price surge at \$\frac{1}{2} \lambda (0.00)\$ and \$\text{pirm}\$, and \$\text{pirm}\$, and \$\text{pirm}\$, and \$\text{pirm}\$ a letter sent to the editor of the American Medical Journal, says:

You have probably heard something of an extraordinary discovery for the cure of small pox, by the use of "Suracenia Purpurea" of Interval and \$\text{pirm}\$, and \$\text{pirm}\$ an derful, that however alarming and numerous the eruptions, or confluent or frightful they may be, the peculiar action of the medicine is such, that very seldom is a scar

left to tell the story of the disease. I will not enter upon a physiological ana-Twill not enter upon a physiological analysis now; it will be sufficient for my purpose to state, that it cures the disease as no other medicine does, not by stimulating functional re-agency, but by actual contact

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1249 head. The prices realized were from 8 to 13 cts \$\pi\$ D. \$200 Cows brought from \$18 to \$90 \$\pi\$ head. S000 Sheep were sold at from \$ 5 to \$60 \$\pi\$ B gross. 1160 Hogs at from \$7,00 to 8,00 \$\pi\$ ewt net.

with the virus in the blood, rendering it THE SATURDAY EVENING POST inert and painless; and this I gather from May be obtained weakly at the Parinteel Denote of the fact that if either vaccine or varilous matter be washed with the infusion of the Saracenia, it is deprived of its contagious

The dose of the medicine—the powdered root, is about a dessert spoonful, simmered in a pint of water down to half a pint; this is divided into two doses, one taken imme-diately, the other in six hours—no sugar shall be given with it. The "Saracenia" I have reason to believe to be a powerful antidote for all contagious diseases lebra, messics, plague, contagions, typhus and syphites, also a remedy for jaundice.

Some of the assistants, engaged in enrolling the names of those liable to conscription, are very minute in their inquiries One of them called upon a lady of this city and inquired:

" Have you any sons ?" " Yes, one in the army."

"What is his age?"
"Twenty-six years."

"On what day of the month was he orn ?"

"The eighth of July." "Wasn't it a hot day to be born on!"

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market continues unsettled and dull. Sales of Flour reach 7000 bbls in lots at \$5,50@6 for common and good superdne; \$5,73@6,50 for extras; \$6 up to \$7,25 for low grade and choice Western extra family, mostly good Ohlo at \$6,50@6,75, and \$7,30% \$,50 for fancy do. Rye Flour is held at \$5 \$9 bbl, without sales. Corn Meal is steady at \$4 for Pennsylvania, which is scarce. Nothing doing in Brandywine to alter quotaticas.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat continue fair—about 40,000 Pennsylvania reds were disposed of at \$1,45@1,52, in store and afloat, closing at \$1,50 for prime Pennsylvania. Of white the sales have been limited at from \$1,55 to \$1,70, the latter for choice Kentucky. Rye is better and very scarce, and Pennsylvania has been selling in a small way at \$1,05@1,05. Corn is firm, with very little offsring, and about 30,000 bus sold at \$6@87c for both white and yellow. Western mixed sold at \$46.85. Oats are steady with further sales of about 40,000 bus, chiefly Pennsylvania, at 76@78c, weight. Barley and Malt are very inactive, and prices nominally unchanged.

PROVISIONS—There is nothing doing in

Pennsylvania, at 70@78c, weight. Bariey and Malt are very inactive, and prices nominally unchanged.

PROVISIONS—There is nothing doing in bild Meats, and we quote Mess Pork dull and nearly nominal at \$14@14½ \$2 bbl. Beef is also quiet at \$12@15 for Westgra and city Mess; Beef Hams are steady at \$17@17½ \$2 bbl. Been is firm, but the demand is mostly confined to bagged Hams, with sales of about 300 casks at 11½@13½c, the latter for fancy cured; nothing doing in Shoulders or Sides. Of Green Meats the sales are also confined to pickled Hams, which are better, and 700 casks sold at \$4½c. Nothing doing in Sides to after quotations. Lard is held firmly at 10@10½c for bbls and tes, and 11½@12½c for kegs, with sales of 800 pkgs at these rates. Butter is less active, and quoted at 16@22c for kegs, with sales of 800 pkgs at these rates. Butter is less active, and quoted at 16@22c for Penna, Ohio, and New York, the latter for choice dairy. Cheese continues scarce at 10@11½ for Ohio, and 11½@13½c for New York. Eggs are worth 18@19c \$2 dozen.

COTTON—The market is firm and advancing; sales of 350 bales, in small lots, at 55@58c for Middlings, including 120 bales sold by auction at 53½ @64½c, all cash.

A8HES continues firm, with limited sales of both Pots and Pearls.

BARK—Quercitron is unsettled and lower, with sales of about 100 hids to note at 833@34 \$2 ton for 1st No 1. Tanners Bark is selling at \$13½c014 for Chestnut, \$17½c018 for Spanish, and \$10 for Peach Oak.

BEESWAX is scarce, and good Yellow is worth 45c \$2 fb.

COAT—The demand, both for shipment and home use is good, and prices are tending upwards.

COFFEE—Holders are firmer in their views;

wards.

COFFEE—Holders are firmer in their views;
tome 2,300 bags, mostly Rio, have been disposed of at 25%252c, cash and 4 mos.

COPPER—The market is dull and unsettled;
of Yellow Metal the sales are limited and prices

of Yellow Mctai the sales are limited and prices about the same.

FEATHERS are in light stock, with very little demand at 456,48c \$\frac{1}{2}\$ B.

FRUIT—The sales are mostly confined to berries, which are arriving and selling freely.

HAY is steady at 80,690 the 100 Bs.

HEMP—The market is quiet, and for Manilla prices are firmer.

HOPS continue dull and the sales limited at 18,622c \$\frac{1}{2}\$ B.

IRON—The market for this staple continues very luactive; we quote Anthracite Pig Metal nominally at \$30,635 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ ton. Blooms and Boiler Plates continue scarce, and Bars and Rails are in fair demand, and the latter firm at the advance.

constitutional disturbance subside, although as a precautionary measure, the sick person is kept in the camp till the uninth day. No marks of the eruption, (as regards pitting, etc.,) have been left in cases examined, if treated by the remedy.

3. With regard to the medicine acting, (as believed by the Indians,) in the way of a preventive, in those exposed to the infection, it is curious to note, in the camps, where the remedy is used, the people keep

451/c, cash.
PLASTER is not inquired for, and dull at \$4

small.

WOOL.—The market is unsettled and very dull. Sales of about 80,000 fbs are reported, mostly old, at from 65 to 70c net, for low and medium quality ficece. There is very little of the new clip coming in.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical De H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.

SINCLAIM, 110 Pussess W., N., Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Bultimor
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington Bt., Boo
HENRY MINER, No. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittabu
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittaburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS. 50 West Stath St., Cincinnals,
GUNTER. No. 60 First St., Contention A. GUNTEE, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky. JOHN S. WALSE, Chicago, Ill. MCNALLY & GO., Chicago, Illinois, JAMES M. CRAWFOED, St. Louis, Missouri,

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS DR. RADWAY'S PILLS DR. RADWAT'S PILLS

DR. RADWAY'S PHLIS
Are superior to all other purgative medicines
in the world. They are the only purgative pills
that is safe to advainates in cases of Bristopelas,
Typhoid, Scarlet, Yellow, or other Fevers, or
in Small Pox, Gastritis, Inflammation of the
Bowels, Piles, and other diseases, where a mild
soothing and bealing purgative is required.
One dose of Radway's Pills will cleanse the
bowels, and purge from the system diseased
humors as thoroughly as lobelis will cleanse
the stomach, without weakening the patient.
One dose is sufficient to prove their superiority
to all other pills. to all other pills.
"Sold by Druggists."

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accommid by a responsible name.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. William Gurspress, to Mes Ross Mc-Adams, both of this city.
On the 11th instant, by the Rev. W. O. Johnstone, Mr. William Thompson, to Saran, daughter of Mr. James Cherry.
On the 10th of June, 1863, by J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. Jacon Kieppen, to Miss Ann E. Toy, both of this city.
On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Murphy, Mr. Henry Johes, to Miss Sophia W. Tomlinson, both of Frunkford.
On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Edmund Leaf, Dr. W. C. Bosser, to Miss Mary R. Grove, both of Douglassville, Berks county, Pa.

Pa.
On the 15th instant, by the Rev. N. B. Baldwin, Mr. Henny Knoma, to Miss Julia P. Gusman, both of this city.
On the 15th instant, by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. Charles C. Rend, to Miss Barah D. Wharton, both of this city.

DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be acompanied by a responsible name.

At his residence, in Wilmington, on 5th-day afternoon, 18th instant, ELI HILLES.
On the 18th instant, RIGHARD RONALDSON, on the 15th instant, GRORGE S. HAMILL, M.

On the 15th instant, GRORGE S. HANTLI, M. D. in his 19th year.
On the 16th instant, GRORGE GIDEON, Chief Engineer, U. S. N. in his 37th year.
On the 16th instant, BURANNA R. BAYNE, daughter of Jaa. Bayne, Sr. aged 35 years.
On the 15th instant, HANNAH G. CHRAMER, wife of John Creamer, aged 48 years.
On the 14th instant, J. HERRY LEHR, in his 30th year.
On the 14th instant, Mr. JOHN S. WARNER, in his 41st year.
On the 15th instant, ELIZABETH RODGERS, in her 24th year.

her 24th year.
On the 18th instant, James Sayres, in his On the 13th instant, Mrs. ESTHER J. SCOTT, in her 64th year.
On the 12th instant, JOHN G. WARWICK, in his 41st year.

AN ELEGANT CURE FOR THE HAIR

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so com mon now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of

PHALON'S COCIN, CON'S COCIN,
OR DEODORIZED COCOA NUT OIL
FHE HAIR. Principal Depot 517

Broadway, New York For sale by all fancy dealers and grocers.

FOR THE HAIR.

8MALL BOTTLES 30 CENTS.

LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.

TO PRESERVE AND IMPROVE THE HUMAN HAIR.

The only article discovered for promoting the health and strength of the Hair, and giving the Hair a rich and glossy appearance, is PHALON & SON'S COCIN, and we recommend all to buy it.—Philadelphia Press.

my 23-3m

DOYOU WANT LUXURIANT WHIS-L KERS OR MUSTACHEST—My ON-GUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price #1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau St., New York City.

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AWFUL PRINCIPLE OF DEATH. when you have it in excess in your system, is evident to your animal instincts. Your coun-cannee tells your friends; your dreams and rour own heart tell you. Now, at these times there is no medicine so leserving of your confidence as

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It is the only medicine known that can certainly save, when all the usual indications tall that you must die.

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J., has used

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

for fifteen years in his family, and for all his hands: in which time these Pilis have cured them of Bilious affections, Headache, Rheumstism, Fever and Ague, Measles, Whooping Cough, and he says he has never known them to fail.

to fail.

Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 204 CANAL ST., and 4
UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR
NEW STYLE.

NEW STYLE.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S FILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEF-FER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Se-cond street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines.

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SENT BY MAIL, POSTAGE PAID. Photograph copies of choice and coatly Engravings are now made with such minuteness and perfection that all the beauty and effects of the original are reproduced. I sun furnishing these at prices within the reach of every one-prices quite as low as those asked for inferior Engravings and Lithographs. Among the subjects are—

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do, do, No. 2, 75 cts. do, No. 3, 1,25 cts. do. Shakapeare and Cotempora-No. 3. 1,96 eta. ries,"
"Lion in Love,"

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"Lion in Love,"

do. do.

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Mo. 3. 1,25 ets.

No. 1. 50 ets.

No. 2. 75 ets.

No. 1. 50 ets.

No. 2. 75 ets.

No. 1. 50 ets.

No. 2. 75 ets.

No. 2. 75 ets.

No. 1. 50 ets.

"Greek Slave," by Hiram Powers,

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Sent by mail, on firm rullers, postage paid.

Catalogues of over Five Hundred Cortes CARD PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS AND CTHERS. de Foile, for Albunas, of distinguished persons, fine pictures, and works of art, sent on application. The price of these Cartes de Vaile, by mail, post paid, is 16 cents each, 8 for \$1, or 20 for \$2. They are among the finest made. All orders promptly filed.

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UNITED STATES FIVE-TWENTIES:

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I am instructed by the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY to receive Subscriptions for

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A full supply of these Bonds always on hand. JAY COOKE. SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,

No. 114 S. THIRD STREET

SPECIAL NOTICE. On and after JULY 1st, 1863, the privilege of converting the present issue of LEGAL TEN-DER NOTES into the NATIONAL SIX PRE CENT. LOAN (commonly called "Five-Twen ties") will cease.

All who wish to invest in the Five-Twenty oan must, therefore, apply before the 1st of July next,

JAY COOKE. BUBSCRIPTION AGENT.

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NORES."—THEIR SIGNIPI-CANCE.—Hustrated with engravings of the Roman, Greciau, Indian, Negro, Celestial, Aqueline, Turn-up, and Pug-Nosca, with the character revealed by each. Erss—blue, black, or gray. Lips—thin and pale, or full and red, prim or pouting, scolding or loving. MOUTH—large or small. HAIR—light or dark, coarse or fine, straight or curly. Chenks—thin or plump, pale or colored. TERTH—regular or irregular. Ears—large or small. NECK—long amply illustrated with engravings. The walk, talk, laugh and voice, all indicate character. We may know an honest face from a dishonest one, and we will show how. Besides the above, we shall treat on ETHNOLOGY, or the Natural History of Man; of Purstonor, and the Laws of Life and Health; of Phymognows, or Signs of Character, and how to read them; of Phus-NOLOGY, the Philosophy of Mind; and of Par CHOLOGY, the Science of the Soul. Man, with reference to all his relations of life, social, intellectual, and spiritual, and what each can do best, will be elucidated in the PHRENOLOGI-CAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED. New volume commences July 1st. A handsome quarto monthly, at only \$1,50 a year. Sample numbers, 15 cents. Please address FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

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the foot, &c. It is warranted cheaper and better
than any other article ever offered to the public. Thousands of animals have been cured of
the colic and overheating by this Liniment;
and hundreds that were crippled and lame have
been restored to their former vigor. It is used
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Stables of England for fresh supplies of this invaluable article. Over 2,500 testimonials have
been received. Remember, 50 cents laid out in
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ATTENTION, SOLDIERS:

AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS:

We call the action of all having realizations of friends in the office heat that. HOFLAND'S German
the lost, with the action of all having realizations of the fact that. HOFLAND'S German
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the late of the side having realizations of the side having realization of the side having realizations of the side having realization of the side having realization of the

time may save the life of your horse.

Price 25 and 40 cents a bottle. Sold by all prices are some of whose names are appended, and my countries, some of the man and such appears. The names is not the set of the my countries, some of the man and such appears. The names is not o

NOT ALCOHOL A RIGHLY CONCERTED VEGETABLE EXTEN A PURE TORIO. DR. HOOFLAND'S CREMAN DE DR. C. M. JACKSON Are not a new mand and the second and a new mand and the second and the second and the second article. Inch have seen the tot of fitness years' trail by the American position as their requisitions and ears are not rivalized to pay the proportion.

The Proposition have thousands of latters from the must consider. Total fries of their own promise for Visit of the Land BO TO WANT FREEZY AND VIGOROUS de, use HOOPLAND'S GERMAN DIT-

in the large that he may thus contribute in the brasilis of others.

I do this the more readily in regard to Hordmark and other than a litters, proposed by Ly. C. M. JACKDON, of this city, because I was prejusficed against them large means years, under the may exceed that they we exceed to the latest them have been proposed to the latest them have been proposed to the latest them have been presented of the proposed to the latest latest the latest late

Philadelphia, June 23, 1891.

PROM THE REV. JOS. H. KENNARD PARTOR
DV. Jackson—Dear Stri—I have been frequently requested to comeou sty name with ancommonatations of
different kinds of medicines, but, regarding the practice
as out of any appropriate sphere. I have in all cases decined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and
particularly in my own family, of the uperlanges of Br.
Hoodiand's German Bitters. I depart for once from my
muoi courtee, to express my fail conviction that for
general debition of the system, and especially for Lange
Ucomplaint, it is a nest and catantle preportion. In
some cases it may fail that usually, I doubt set, it
will be very humefully to those who mader has a
hove causes.

Yours, very superchilly.

Eighth below Gostes Street, Pains.

There are record preparations sold under the name of Bitters, pai up to quart herits, compounded of the temperature of the sold under the name of the desired part of the contract of the sold under the sold under the sold up to the contract of the sold under the sold up to the

advantaged; the and doch.

But have who desire and WILL HAVE a Liquor Bitter, we publish the following reactive Got ONE BOTTLE OF HOOF, AND S. GERMAN BY FOR MODEL AND S. GERMAN BY FOR AND ONE WHITE RESERVED BY THE B

319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia in the United States.

Wit and Humor.

NOT RABILY PRIGHTENED.

The thephord's wife, who attends to the nitiator worth knowing. She is strong inded and strong-nerved; and a number other transfers are held of her nerve his amendates are told of her prov. following is one of the hest.

house is selfery, no other dwelling her beshead and son are on the hills he has sensethes strange visious, for the and passing the floor commons the east with in west of flootland in that district. When he Harrish beauch of the North British hallway was making, navvius often passed his way from the Caledonian line towards of those she generally had and of these she generally had a solitary Irish navvy came in one by when she was slone, saving a little girl, granichild. After lighting his pipe, and bring round him for a time, the following rus," said he; "you've fome

"Rice home," was the dry response. "Faix, I think I'll have one, mis

"But ye'll no get ane, my man."

Put, nothing daunted, put his foot upon a
col for the purpose of taking one down
on the ceiling, where they hung, and he rom the celling, where they hung, and he lid so holdly, for he saw no one was in the source but the woman and child. With a tern from however, she suddenly stepped

"Did ony body see ye come in here?"
"The devil a one," was answered, defi-

"And the devil a ane'll see ye gang out gain! Bring me the axe, lassie!" In a moment the blackguard w mt the blackguard was out at he door and off, leaving her to enjoy a hearty laugh at the success of her rues.

ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

In 1848, while the Convention which and General Taylor, was in session at Philadelphia, a somewhat noted local politician from Pickaway county, Ohio, was in the city mingling in the muss. As the ion adjourned over Sunday, he con-Convention adjourned over business, let him

"I had mounted my best regalia and oked fine; stopped at the door and asked the sexton for a seat; was shown a very good one, entirely unoccupied, in the back part of which I seated myself. In a short ime a very decent-looking man, plainly bressed, entered and took the front of the pew. I held my head reverently, and looked us. He glanced at me several times, then sok out a white handkerchief, looked at me again, then took out a card, drew his il, wrote, 'This is my pew, sir,' and med the card to me.

"I picked it up, and immediately wrote on it, 'It is a very good one. What rent do you pay?' and tossed it back."

Triosa Boys,-" Our little Bobby," of four rs, had been lectured by his aunt on the evil of disobedience to parents, and the example was shown him of a boy who dis-obeyed his mother and went to the river and

"Did he die ?" said Bobby, who had given the story due attention.

"Yes," was the serious reply. "What did they do with him?" aske

obby, after a moment's reflection,
"Carried him home," replied the monito

After turning the matter over in his mind, as it was hoped profitably, he looked up and closed the conversation by ask-

"Why didn't they chuck him in again?"

A RICH ADVERTISEMENT.—The following mials of the New York Herald :-

mist-A Young Widower, aged 65, more or less of preposes ssing appearance and engaging manners, and who sports a beautiful head of hair, and an elegant mousbe, and a pearly set of teeth, nearly new, and who is free from all incumbrance, except six small children, a mother-in-law and siden aunt, desires to form the acquaintance of a few dozen young ladies, with a view to matrimouy. Wealth is indispensebie, so the advertiser has pary red. Those emplating matrimony may enclose (if secie to pay for this notice, and address,

A SEINNED HEAD.-Alongo was taken to church for the first time. The services and not begun. Descon Wells, a said ed man came in; Aloneo looked at sly. Mr. Ostrop came down the , and he had no asir where the bair pat to grow. Al oneo was fidgety. Squire me, as bale as Mount Blanc, walked in, Ar the go could hald in no longer. In a far, the ging voice he cried,

"Oh, ma ! smal there comes another man

"Tale smacks of heaven?" said a parth, as he kined the maiden's cheek. "Well, you've plenty of lip, I'm sure?" re-

A HINT TO AMBITTOUS COLONILA

A correspondent of the New York Mer-cury relates the following:—A detail was made from our division, of three or four re-giments, to escort a forage train to Harrisburg Landing, the command of the second devolving on a Colonel who was known to be making aspirations to a Brigadiership On reaching the landing, Colonel Rlearned that a squad of guerillas were en camped about two miles up the river, and he conceived the plan of sending three or four companies up on a transport, to "clear them out." The weather was wet and cold. and our men did not feel much like doing anything besides what they were detailed for originally; consequently, when this ex-pedition was announced, it was not reeived with very good grace by those con

Suddenly, one of the men, halling a com rade, within hearing of the ambitious Co-

"Jim, do you know what Colonel R is going to do up the river?"

"No," replied Jim: "do you?"
"Yes," responded our wit; "he is going to send his eagles up there to hatch stars." Probably it was the laugh that followed that riled the Colonel.

The Song of the Disconsolate One.

[To several old tunes, because composed in ested ballroom, where he could not get any fresh air.]

"She wore a wreath of roses The time that first we met"-(Her handsome Roman nose is Most beautifully set). When I was introduced to her, She sweetly smiled and bowed-Oh! my beart, my heart is breaking For the lovely Miss O'Dowd.

"She's all my fancy painted her, She's lovely, she's divine!"— (The lobster-salad wasn't bad, But I couldn't stand the wine). What with the pace she went at, And what with the heat and crowd, Oh! my head, my head was reeling As I danced with Miss O'Dowd.

"Let other lips and other hearts Their tale of sorrow tell"-(That stuff for cleaning gloves imparts I'd gladly dance a thousand time With her, were I allowed. Oh! my beart, my heart is aching-

"Her mother bade her bind her hair With bands of roseste hue"-(I wonder she hadn't better taste Than to mix 'em up with bine). When on the light fantastic toe We denced to the music loud, Oh! my heart was palpitating Next to that of Miss O'Dowd.

" Maxwellton brace are bonny, And Christmas bills fa' due"-(I wonder has she money? Is her governor a screw ?) Of her beauty and accomplishments She's not the least bit proud-Oh! my heart is shivered to little bits By Mary Jane O'Dowd!

GREEK MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

The Greeks marry young. Marriage i the subject of conversation amongst young people sixteen years of age. They marry somewhat inconsiderately, and without any certain prospects. If they delayed taking a wife until they were sure of being able to maintain her, the population would diminish. Marriage is a purely religious act. The be trothal, another religious ceremony, has almost as sacred a character as marriage. In certain cantons-in Missolonghi, for instance-a betrothed young man enjoys all the rights of a husband. They delay the celebration of the union until the promise of its first fruits. If the future bridegroom, after the conscientious celebration of his betrothal, were to draw back from completing his engagement, his refusal would cost him his life.

A story is told of a betrothed young man who took refuge on board a Portuguese ship on the eve of his wedding. He died at Lis-

bon of a stab with a knife It is difficult to break off a marriage which is not yet completed, nothing is easier than to undo it when it is done. The papes, or priests, are not incorruptible, and, if y ou know by which end to handle them, will contrive to discover in the most re gular mion five or six informalities suffici ant to annul the marriage. After bavic g lived with your wife forty years, they will make it a point of conscience to declar e that you have been erroneously married, , and that the person in question is nothing to you. But it costs very dear, as Panur ge says. If it pleases you to have been ruarried, whilst it displeases you to be married still, divorce shines for all the world. Certain ladies are ases you to be mar ried still, divorce to be seen in Athens who have been divorced three times, and who could ask their three husbands to dinner without the public's having a right to find fault with them. But divorce is a luxury which humble people scarcely ever indulge in.

God; but the edition is small, suggests the New Orleans Picayuna.



TICKET CLERK,-" Where for, ma'am ?" OLD LADY .- "There! Laws a mercy if I haven't forgot. Oh! mister, please run over a few of the willages on this railway, will yer?"

[Bell rings-old lady is swept away.

A FAMOUS LAND.

If there be a part of the world which ought to tempt the traveller, it is assuredly that region of Asia which lies between the Caspian and Black seas. Tradition declares this to be the cradle of the human race. Here, say the Persians and Armenians, was the Garden of Eden; here, as every one knows, stands the mighty Ararst, from which mankind spread after the deluge Here are the best and most undentable physical evidences of that astonishing catastro phe. Here hunted the Biblical Nimrod, here Noah planted the vine. Here languished Prometheus chained to the rock, with vultures ever gnawing at his liver. Hither sailed Jason and the Argonauta, and hence departed the enchantress Medea. One of the rivers of this region still bears the name of Cyrus the Great, Alexander of Macedon is a household word among the Caucagian villagers. Hence flowed Greeceward that stream of gorgeous fable which widened into Hellenic mythology. Here Pompey conquered, and the soldiers of Imperia Rome bled in vain. Here Gregory preached and Tamerlane and Genghia Kahn spread havoc; the Turks uprooted the Genoes on these shore, to be themselves uprooted in due time by the more opportune Russians. Over the Caucasian wall, at the dread hour when Allah's time shall sound, Gog and Magog shall cross to put an end to the empire of Islamism on earth; and destroy the kingdom of the true believers. When the Russians swept away the Georgian throne. 1800, learned men at Titlis exclaimed in their anguish that the fallen monarchy had existed without interruption since the time of Abraham; there is good historical evidence to prove a line of kings extending over a period of 2,245 years.

Agricultural.

And now, ger the reader, you will ask, perhaps, what fall this cleaning house has to do with hort culture and its kindred work. Without shocking you too much by boldly answering "a good deal," we would neverthelesa, gently insinuate a good deal by way of analogy. How? you would say. Why, list en, then, and we will tell you. Perhaps, ar aong other good things, you rejoice in the possession of a peach, a pear, or an apple orchard; perhaps in all three. Think you then, that there is never a season for hou cleaning among these? Is there no health and comfort, or, in other words, thrift and profit to be looked after among them? Let us take a short excursion through them, and see how the house looks. And first we will pass up through these peach trees, on our way to the pears and apples. Well, these are fine-looking trees; they have made great growth for the three years that you tell me they have been planted; but stop a moment, my friend; first look close to the ground, around that fine, dark-colored, clean-barked tree you are bragging about and tell me what moistens the ground abou it, and what all that stuff is clinging around the butt. Gum, eh? Precisely; gum it is. Now out with your knife; scrape away, dig into the burk, and see what it is that causes all this gom to exude. What are you astonished at that great, fat, white grub, the you have just taken out; so over-fed that he fairly rolls out the moment you touch his hiding- place? This is his season. He Mix the whole with half a piut of flour, and is now enjoying his carrival. Insatiable apply to the plants when they are moist.

giutton! he means to stop only when he has girdled that tree, and you would only have known it when too late to effect the cure. Now follow the housewife's planclean house. Now is the season, A month more, and you will be the loser.

Now let us pass up among the pears. See here what your Hibernian incompetency effected for you last season. Look where the whiffle-tree has struck when the plough passed through here last summer. Look on that row of trees, and see every fourth and fifth tree has a large piece of bark cracked raised up, and protruding like an ugly scab Well, look into it, or rather under it. What do you find? A perfect nest of insects, a mass of eggs. Just so. Here is what in a few weeks later will prove an army, which shall lay waste the beauties of the orchard, tas effectually as Uncle Sam's hosts have done in rebeldom.

Look, too, at this row of trees; these dwarf Duchesse d'Angoulemes, Bartletts, etc. What is the matter with the bark? all covered with scales? Insect life, my friend, sucking out the life-blood, and impeding the growth of your trees. Go to workclean house. You need not continue the walk up into the apple orchard; you will find the same thing the case there. The same work is to be done. The house must be cleaned. Hunt out the borers from your trees with fire and sword, hot water and knife. Scrape away, and brush off the larwe of insects which are to spring into life with the coming summer; and after you have in imitation of the housewife's skill, expelled the vermin, cleaned the woodwork, then you may, to carry out the figure, scrub your floors. The young grass will now begin to start up, and the seeds of nox ous weeds to germinate. Don't let them go too long, but, as the housewife chooses warm, dry day to scrub the floors, so take advantage of a dry time and a hot sun to lightly plough or noe the surface, and then you will insure a clean floor for the sumer. We object to the plough in a planted orchard of young trees, especially dwarf pears, for not only is there great and almost inevitable mischief occasioned by striking the trees, and disturbing their tender bark, but, unless the ploughman is very experienced and judgmatical (to use a coined but expressive word) in his work, he will do still greater mischief in cutting off the roots of the parent quince, which, lying near the surface, are stretching forth through the surrounding soil, in quest of nourishment to elaborate into the growing tree.-Horticulturist for June.

GLANDERS.-The following paragraph occurs in Dr. Dadd's new book on the

Whoever undertakes to attempt the cure of this awful malady must remember that he is running a great risk of losing his own life, for the absorption of the least particle of the virus will cause death in one of the most horr;ble of all forms; and many case are on record going to show that whole families have been destroyed by absorbing the glandered virus.

A REMEDY FOR MELON BUGS.-A gentle man who has had much experience in rais ing melous, informs us that the best thing to keep begs from the vines is,-

Sulphur, 1 tablespoonful. Yellow souff, I tablespoonful. Cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoonful. Ground mustard, 1 tables

M. Millon has communicated to the French Academy of Sciences, the result of

some interesting investigations of his, con-cerning the ligneous matter of wheat, whence it would appear that bran is a very less contains from five to six per cent, more ligneous substance than flour, it pres more nitrogeneous matter, twice as muci fatty matter, and moreover, two distinct aromatic principles, one of which possesses the fragrance of honey; and these are both wanting in flour.

NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES OF BRAN.

M. Millon therefore thinks, that bran and meal ought to be ground over again and mixed with the pure flour, and he has found, by repeated experim mixture yields a superior kind of bread. Horses that consume a fair allowance of

bran usually enjoy better health than those

Usefnl Receipts.

How to Polish Shirt Bosoms.-A correspondent of the American Agriculturis

I was somewhat amused by the letter from a young housekeeper, Mrs. Pry. As she feels desirous to make her husband's shirts, bosoms and collars look nice, I will endeavor to tell her how my wife does up mine. The first thing is to wash them clean, then starch them thoroughly with the best of starch. A little pure spermaceti or dissolved gum-arabic in the starch will improve it, but have the starch thick, and work it into the linen thoroughly. When in a proper condition, use the com iron to smooth them, and get them in proper shape, the same as though they were not to be polished, I would here say that you cannot polish linen on a soft cloth. Take a piece of hard wood (I use birch) say 10x14 inches, or size of a shirt bosom, and plane it even and smooth. When you use the polishing iron lay the linen on that, without any cloth underneath; a liberal supply of elbow grease is indispensable to make the things look first-rate. Now for the polishing iron. We use McCoy's patent. I have seen several kinds, but I like this the best. You cannot polish with an iron with a flat face; the one I use is made something like a small shoe, with a round heel on both ends, nicely polished, and care should be had to keep it so, if you wish to have your linen look well. The linen we buy at the stores is polished by men, or machinery, which gives it a finer polish than can usually be given by females. But if Mrs. Pry will get a good polishing iron, and follow the directions as given, she will not feel ashamed of her husband's cosoms and collars.

GINGER SNAPS.—At the Chenango County Fair the ginger snaps made from the following recipe took the premium:

One cup best molasses; one half cup sugar; two-thirds cup butter; one teaspoonful alum; two teaspoons saleratus; one-half cup water, one tablespoon ginger.-Mrs. Charles S. Checver, New Haven, Omoego Co., N. Y.

CREAM BEER.-Two and one-fourth lbs. of white sugar, two ez. tartaric acid; juice of half a lemon, and three pints of water,boil together five minutes. When nearly cold add the whites of three eggs beaten to a froth; one-half cup of flour, well beaten and half an ounce of winter-green esseno Bottle and keep in a cool place. Two table spoonfuls of this syrup in a tumbler of wa ter, with one-fourth teaspoon of soda. It is ready for use as soon as made, but are improves it, and it will keep any length of time. Shake the bottle well every time before using .- M. A., in Rural New Yorker.

Ata; Or, Achs-jar Pickles. (Picalilli.)

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Make a brine of salt and water; the proportions being 3 tablespoonsful of salt to 1 pint of cold water: keep in a large stone jar. Throw whatever you intend to pickle into this brine for 3 days. When taken out of this immerse them in scalding water for a moment; then wipe them with a dry cloth. Before you put them finally into your jar wash them with vinegar. After having lain 3 days in the salt and water they must be spread on a board in a bright sun to bleach. They will look dried up and good for nothing, but after being put into the vinegar they will begin to smell and turn of a bright yellow, which it is intended they should. Prepare your vinegar in the following manner and it will keep for years, and you may add pickles from time to time prepared as above :-To 1 gallon vinegar add 1 pint white mus

tard seed, 1 lb. of garlie, 1 lb. of green ginger, 1 teacup of flour of mustard, 1 oz. mace 1 oz. of cloves, 1 nutmeg, 1 teacup of black pepper, 1 teacup of allspice, 3 oz. of sifted armeric. The garlic and ginger must be laid in salt 3 days, and then put into salt well damped with water. After 3 days wash them in vinegar and put them into your jar.

You may use as pickles the following articles, viz :- Small white onions, young corn, so tender as to be cut easily through the cob; very young beans, small cucum-bers, radish pods, watermelon rind pared and cut small, mangoes quartered, apples, whole or quartered, pears, peaches and plums, cauliflowers, small white cabbage quartered and tied up, and any other fruit or vegetables you please.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGHA

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY SYNCHES POST I am composed of 27 letters.

My 1, 5, 17, 25, is a past participle My 10, 16, 6, 9, is the name of a body of water My 18, 23, 31, 31, 15, is a kind of medicine My 4, 7, 26, 11, is what we should take of arts.

cles we prize. My 8, 19, 8, 12, is a near relative. My 27, 2, 14, 13, 8, 25, is an adject

20, 21, 22, 15, 25, is a state rarely as My 24, 19, 8, 12, 2, 26, is the name of

minent Major-General of the " My whole are the sames of two,gent

this city (Philadelphia) and their bus JENNIE R.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA. WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING PORCE

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 1, 12, 9, 4, 9, is an Indian Prince My 2, 5, 7, 6, is a tree of several species.

My 3, 6, 11, is used in writing this enigma. My 4, 14, 16, is a plant and its seed.

My 5, 12, 9, 10, 15, is the lot of all. My 6, 2, 15, 5, is a title of nobility. My 7, 13, 12, 5, is a stone of many color

My 8, 10, 16, 17, is an obligation.

My 10, 15, is a term of heraldry. My 11, 7, 9, 5, 17, is a person of rank.

My 12, 8, 16, 6, is a square column. My 18, 5, 2, 11, 17, is a joiner's tool.

My 15, 10, 7, 16, is a part of a plant. My 16, 7, 8, is the prevailing fashion My 17, 12, 15, is a part of the bend

My whole is the name of an unknown a friendless youth who became an Emper Mount Carroll, Illinois,

TRIPLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A pronoun and a preposition. To detest, A rebel General An eminent English lord. A Latin verb, meaning to flow,

An English verb, meaning able. A town of Scotland My initials, centrals and finals form the name of three Union Generals

Capt. L. B. CHESTER. Cincinnati.

DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM. WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To find three numbers, such that the sum of To find three numbers, such as dded to be the squares of any two of them added to be product of the same two may be integral square product of the same two may be integral square.

DAVID 8. HART. Stonington, Conn.

An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. From what distance above the earth much ody at rest fall so that it will reach the mel at the same time that sound would, the bet falling at the rate of 16 feet 1 inch the first cond, 4 times that distance the next second, times the next, and so on increasing as square of the time and sound falling 1447 as GILL BATTE

Hopeville, Clark Co., Iowa.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is the difference between a gamble nd a bill sticker? Ans .- A gambler is a care player, and a bill-sticker is a pla-earder.

What is the difference between a de ed swain and a doting father? Ans.-One is sighing lover, and the other is a loving airs. What is that of which there are only ive n every year, and yet there are two in own day in the week? Ans .- Vowels.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA .- "The does not see everything that floats by his me MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA. Take the est and best paper, viz. : THE SATURDAY BY ING POST. REBUS .- The Riddler. CHARADE -Benjamin (Ben-jam-in). Answer to E. Hagerty's PROBLEM, pub

ed May 23rd.-Length of degree of 68.9893 miles. Length of degree of longitud 53.0006 miles. - David Wickersham, Clinton Co. Answer to PROBLEM by Altamont, publish

ed May 23rd.—From A's house to the spring 346.410 yards, and from B's 400 yards. Bordentown, N. J.; R. Barto, and Francis W. A. Martin gives the following answer is his

DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM, published Ma 25rd.—3,040,006,714,240,000,000,000, and 8,350 200,142,720,000,000,000.

Answer to ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM &

A. Martin, published May 30th.—The number
are 2, 4 and 6.—J. B. M., Barnesville, Ohio; E. Hagerty, Baltimore, and Invalid.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEN, published May 30th. \$1423.775.—E. Hagery, D. Thrax, N. Y.; Invalid; and R. Barto, Free ricksburg, Lebanon Co., Pa.

RULE.-Find the compound interest on given principal for the given rate and time, vide that amount or product by the amount the annuity of one dollar for the given rate time.-D. Thrax, Johnston, N. Y.

EDMU HENE THE SAT TERM

Case copy, one Pear copies Eight ¹⁴ MACHINE : paids of the p Any person pames at an pers for a Chul Subscribers menty-siz est tion, as we ha en their paper ERRITYANCE Bank, but we ylvania or o ured in the l stamps, are a

---He did not kr He would n

DEACG

When he wen To battle w He knew not He thought He little knew That hid m

For he left t Saying, "Who Why does a He has bid far And is waiti

heard his vo

lifts through He gravely dr And se grav Where my ner

For lightly I s With naugh and light gay With this, n Where our

And they said Had fought Our men foug But the ener When at last o Though son

Calmly I bore That no hum There was mo To him, but Tis no longer

But they little Drove child? How know the What think th

They know

He nevel lomewhere th I never may But somewher With curls o

No stone may Telling he re But one heart's The name of What, to the 3

And has not w Of borne th Think of our r Of the loved And choose be

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